

# space city!

•formerly space city news•

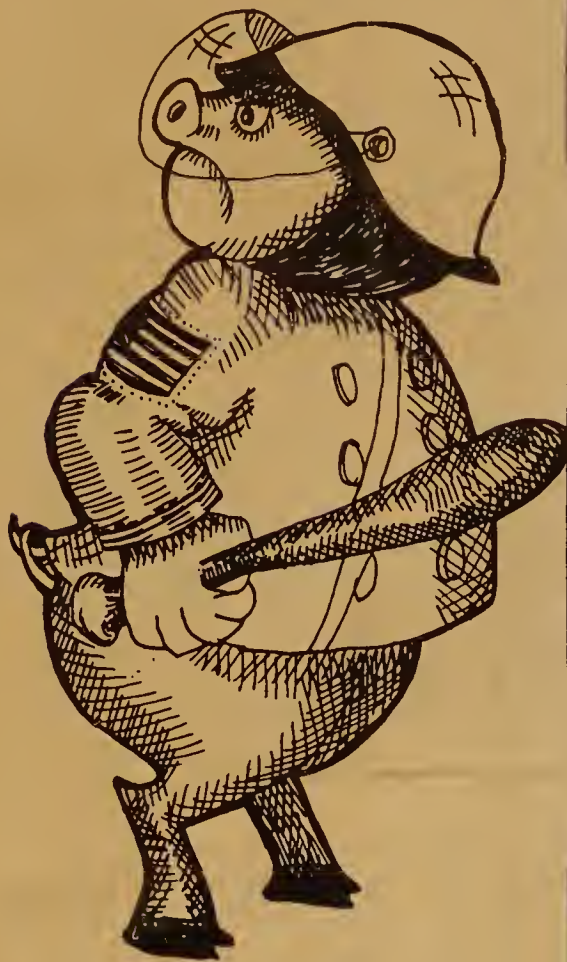
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feb 14-27, 1970

houston, texas

20¢

25¢ out  
of town



## The "Pill" Scare ...page 3

## Blacks Vamped On

...page 4&5

**PLUS:**

**Stones'  
Concert...**

**High  
Schools...**

**Gay  
Liberation!!**



Piggies by Trudy Minkoff



grossly  
unjust

Space City,

I found your "War on Pollution" article to be fashionably iconoclastic and grossly unjust. Too bad you couldn't make the January 14-15 hearing on water pollution... you might have been enlightened, and if not, your attendance at least would have lent some credibility to your mostly unfounded report.

After watching Carl Klein throughout the hearing and attending a meeting at which he was present (UHL, 1/15) I see no justification for your attack on the man. Maybe since you had nothing to report, you resorted to stereotyping. After all, he is both considerably over thirty AND an Administration appointee, and those MUST be grounds to crucify anyone. My point is this — if you're so eager to categorize, to down people who maybe don't speak like you, and if you're not even hearing a man out before judging him, then aren't you on a sort of "Easy Rider" trip in reverse?

Don't worry, man, there's room in these environmental crises for you AND Klein AND other people in other capacities ... most importantly, there's no time to waste by beating each other with criticism. If we can all come together, put it together, NOW, we might salvage this planet for people like my baby son and all babies. We have to try.

With hope,  
Tana Van Dyke  
Committee for a Human Environment  
8421 Raylin  
Houston

THE CITIZENRY IS QUICK  
TO REACT!



more letters  
page 19

## LNS appeals

Dear Reader,

From time to time, you may have noticed the credit "Liberation News Service" or "LNS" on articles or photos or drawings in this paper. Liberation News Service sends out two packets of written and graphic materials two times each week to about 500 subscribing newspapers and magazines. We are now in the midst of a serious financial crisis. While we have appealed to our subscribers for help, we can easily understand that most of them face their own budgetary hassles. May we appeal directly to you, the readers of the radical and underground press? Please send your contributions to Liberation News Service, 160 Claremont Ave., New York, NY 10027.

Thank you very much.

Love and struggle,  
The LNS Staff  
New York

SLAVE is  
a one who  
wants for  
someone  
to free him.  
— Ezra Pound

## LETTERS

1217 Wichita  
Houston 77004  
526-6257

## alaska gi's back movement

To whom it may concern:

Our names are Mike Mygas, Jr. and Mike McLellan. We're both in the U.S. Navy stationed at Kodiak, Alaska. Our homes are both in the midwest--mine (Mike Mygas) is in Des Plaines, Illinois (a Chicago suburb) and McLellan's home is in Madison, Wisconsin which are both active cities in the Revolution. We were both participants in demonstrations of our respective cities and are totally in favor of the views and ideas of SDS. We're also aware that we're probably sticking our necks out sending this but we feel that some things should be brought out concerning the conditions and situations we are forced to contend with. You probably feel a little indifferent receiving this from two present members of the armed forces but we've come to realize a feeling of "copping out" on something that we firmly believe in but now since we are stuck here (for the time being anyway) we're taking measures to find others who believe as we do and to make it known that we are in no way happy with the way the country and government are being run.

What actually stimulated the writing of this letter was your pamphlet entitled "Bring the War Home." Incidentally, my fiancee who is a resident of Houston mailed that to me.

The conditions we are confronted with are atrocious. The barracks we are given as a home might as well be a ghetto. They're filled with cock-roaches, ants and other assorted insects along with filth and literally obscene living conditions. The galleys that prepare our food (which also leaves a lot to be desired) are the same way and our so-called clubs have rats running across the floor while you eat or drink. Should a human being, or even an animal for that matter, have to put up with this? We say no! If a Board of Health ever really inspected this place it would be condemned.

Another thing that is lacking is a true form of democracy which is what the U.S. is supposed to revolve around. There is no freedom of speech in the service. If you speak what you feel you're condemned by your "superiors." And that's one term I use very loosely. Some of the higher ranking people are the biggest fanatics we've ever encountered. Tomorrow morning I'm being prosecuted for damaging a government vehicle in the line of duty. I used to be on the Security Police Force until I had an accident due to inclement weather and bad road conditions about three weeks ago. I was on an emergency call back to the base when I hit a bad spot in the road and ran off the pavement. I was immediately dispensed from the force and placed on restriction. Then I was sent to the galley to work for 10 days and am now part of the fire department. And now tomorrow they're taking further action with me by sending me before the commanding officer to make a bigger issue out of this and award more punishment. Is this just? Again, we and many others say no! But any of our efforts against it are suppressed with no recognition. I'm an E-3 and have been in the service 1 1/2 years and McLellan is an E-2 of about a year and we've hated every minute

we've been a part of this farce as we're sure many more are but are afraid to speak up.

So, we've had our say and hope you've taken careful consideration of what we've had to say. We've had it and it's time there was something done about the fascist pigs that run this country. Please feel free to use any part of this along with our names as you wish and let us know if we can be of any help in your movement.

Good luck, and may there some day be peace for all in a better society.

Very truly yours,  
Mike Mygas, Jr., Age 21  
Michael McLellan, Age 20

Another thing that was neglected to be mentioned is the censorship of radio and television here. Both are solely controlled by the Navy with programs only they choose and no commercials but their own trying to convince us to ship over and how great the service is. Bah! It's nothing but a mild form of brainwashing. Thank you again for your attention.

## american party

"Sisters and Brothers,"

I am a member of the American Party. In 1968 I cast my ballot for George Wallace for President. Up until recently my politics were from your point of view, disgustingly reactionary on most issues. I was silly for segregation and raving for repression of commie fags.

In April '69 I had an argument with a business associate about hippies and other subversives, and to keep it short, I bet him that if I grew a mustache and beard and let my hair creep over my ears etc. that Houston's finest and business bosses and other "respectables" would continue to treat me in a civil manner. Well, they didn't!

I don't know how far my changes will go, but you people (Space City in particular) are beginning to strike good chords to me. I don't mean to be over dramatic, but... a sincere thank you for your efforts on the part of me and all the people of Houston who have your words to turn to in the face of Mr. Nixon's sword.

Yours in Peace and Freedom  
A.L. Willowbey  
Houston

BUT NO ONE KNOWS HOW IT'LL  
END... EXCEPT FOR THIS GUY...  
AND HE AIN'T TALKING!!





The recent scare over oral contraceptives will probably be responsible for countless unwanted pregnancies in the next few months.

As a result of press sensationalist coverage of the January Senate hearings on birth control pills, most women taking oral contraceptives are now haunted by fantasies of side-effects from cancer to sterility.

Many women, without consulting their doctors or appealing to reason, will stop taking their pills. Many will become pregnant. Some will die or become seriously ill from complications of pregnancy -- often the very complications linked with oral contraceptives. And while most will survive, they will have to face the grave prospect of having an unwanted child.

The Senate hearings did more to confuse American women on the side effects of oral contraceptives than to elucidate.

In fact, the findings presented on the dangerous effects of these hormonal drugs is highly inconclusive -- a cause for concern, to be sure, but certainly not for panic. The underground press has been guilty as the commercial media in blowing up these findings as absolute proof that oral contraceptives are lethal.

We were so concerned about the "pill" hysteria that we have spent a good deal of time in the Houston libraries, reading medical reports on the side effects of birth control pills. We want to lend some kind of perspective -- decisions based on empirical data, not wild conjecture.

We consulted such prestigious journals as the *Lancet*, the *British Medical Journal*, *Obstetrics and Gynecology*, the *Journal of Clinical Pathology* and the *Journal of Clinical Endocrinology and Metabolism*.

We can't whitewash oral contraceptives. These potent drugs clearly have serious drawbacks. But we can't, on the basis of our research, unequivocally condemn them either. Oral contraceptives have in many ways permitted women a basic freedom crucial to our liberation -- the freedom from pregnancy and fear of pregnancy. The freedom to enjoy sex and to begin to regard ourselves as human beings rather than baby-machines.

Dr. W.H. Orchard, a psychiatrist and medical doctor, commented wryly: "Whenever there is important scientific progress threatening humans with a potential increase in sexual pleasure and freedom, we can be sure that our individual superegos and the corporate superego of the community will not unequivocally salute this progress as a boon to mankind. . . . If we remember this, some of the specious innuendoes and

# "Pill" Controversy: Cause For Concern, Not Panic

By Victoria Smith and Judy Fitzgerald

Oral contraceptives are thought to affect the vascular system, the eye, the liver, glucose tolerance, other aspects of the endocrine system, the nervous system and fertility. We found that the story of oral contraceptives and their side effects is so amazingly complex that in this article we can only deal adequately with one aspect: the incidence of pulmonary embolism (blood clot in the lung) and thrombophlebitis (deep-vein blood clotting).

We'll discuss the other, more obscure side effects in a later article.

## Thromboembolism, or Blood Clot

If you take the kind of oral contraceptives most often prescribed (combination or sequential), you run some risk of developing pulmonary embolism or thrombophlebitis. These conditions, especially pulmonary embolism, can occasionally be fatal.

A study conducted by British doctors (M.P. Vessey

and W.H. Inman, *British Medical Journal*, April, 1968) claims that in women taking oral contraceptives, the risk of death from blood clotting is seven to eight times that of non-users. The risk is greater for women over 35.

The Vessey-Inman study was conducted retrospectively, examining the dead women's past medical history, whether they used oral contraceptives and whether they had any known predisposition to the thromboembolic disease. A control group was used for cross-checking.

While this study might not seem quite exhaustive, it is generally accepted by doctors and researchers as the basic comparison of oral contraceptive use and thromboembolic deaths. No comparable study is yet available in the United States.

Another study, reported by Vessey and Richard Doll in the same issue of the *British Medical Journal*, examined the use of birth control pills and incidence of non-fatal thromboembolic disease. Like the Vessey-Inman study, the researchers isolated as many variables as possible. For instance, if the affected woman developed a blood clot during, or just after pregnancy, she was eliminated from the study, since pregnancy rather than the pill probably influenced her disease.

This study considered 58 women admitted to 19 hospitals in the United Kingdom, all with deep-vein blood clotting and/or pulmonary embolism. Twice that many control patients, matched to the affected patients in as many ways possible, were used.

After extensive interviews and examination of the patients' past histories, Vessey and Doll concluded that among oral contraceptive users, 47 per 100,000 developed some kind of thromboembolism, as compared to 5 per 100,000 among non-users.

The patients with thromboembolism in this study were, on the average, more overweight than the control patients. They were also heavier smokers. Vessey and Doll pretty much discount these factors as contributors to blood clotting.

Most scientists suspect that the trouble-maker in birth control pills is the synthetic hormone estrogen (frequently taken as the compound mestranol in oral contraceptives). Naturally-occurring estrogens help regulate female characteristics and behavior, as well as the menstrual cycle.

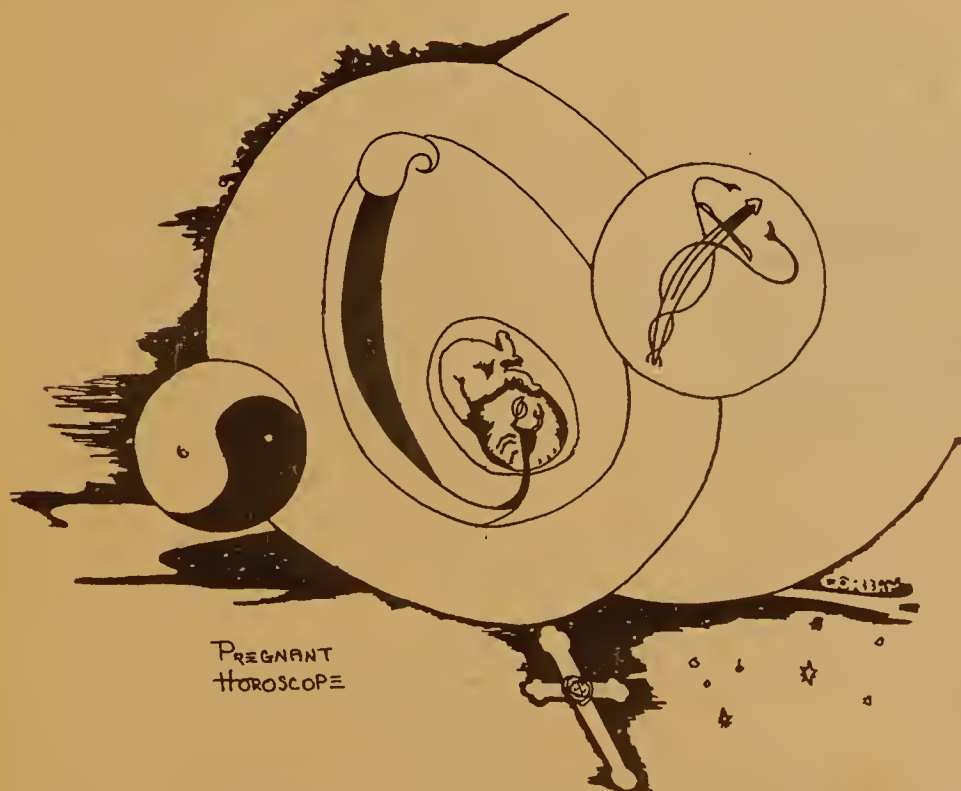
Estrogen is produced in great quantities during pregnancy -- This hormonal elevation may induce reactions like those experienced on birth control pills -- anything from nausea to fatal embolism. Most pills contain between .075 and .10 mg of estrogen, although some contain higher doses.

The other synthetic hormone used in oral contraceptives is progesterone. Also naturally occurring, progesterone generally performs the same tasks as estrogen, except it also maintains pregnancy.

Taken daily, synthetic progesterone also inhibits ovulation, simulating conditions of early pregnancy. (Ovulation occurs when the ovaries produce eggs, one per menstrual cycle, for potential fertilization by the sperm.) And if you don't ovulate, you can't get pregnant.

The most commonly-used pills are given either sequentially or in combination. With the sequential pills, like Enovid, you take a series of estrogen tablets followed by a series of progesterone tablets. The combination pills, like Ortho-Novum, Nornyl and Ovulen, blend the two hormones in one tablet, taken daily for

continued on 18



conflicting reports about the side effects of oral contraceptives may become more understandable." (*Medical Journal of Australia*, April, 1969.)

It's not all that simple, of course. You do take a risk when you take oral contraceptives. But the innuendoes, like those we read recently in the *Houston Chronicle and Post*, are suspect. The reports are conflicting. Much of the evidence is very inconclusive. And the whole issue of oral contraceptives is highly controversial.

The synthetic hormones in oral contraceptives influence many of the body's organs and functions. Whether any of these effects can be very harmful to large numbers of women has not yet been demonstrated.

and W.H. Inman, *British Medical Journal*, April, 1968) claims that in women taking oral contraceptives, the risk of death from blood clotting is seven to eight times that of non-users. The risk is greater for women over 35.

Vessey and Inman estimate that 13 pill-takers per million, ages 20 to 34, will die of thromboembolism yearly, while 34 per million over 35 will die.

The Vessey-Inman study took the form of a survey of 334 thromboembolic deaths in one year of English, Irish and Welsh women between the ages of 20 and 44. They were able to find a distinct relation between oral contraceptive use and death by pulmonary embolism. They found a less firm, but definite, relation-



## Students on Trial

# TSU !

"We want all students that have been expelled, put on probation or suspended from school to be reinstated, and we want all students when brought to disciplinary hearings to be tried by a jury of their peers." This demand is one of the ten goals of the Organization of Black Student Unity, a revolutionary student group at Texas Southern University. On Feb. 3, two TSU students, leaders of the OBSU, were brought before six jurists at a disciplinary hearing on campus.

The defendants in the case were David "Crickett" Anthony, Chairman of the OBSU, and Ronald Clark, Minister of Information.

The task of the three faculty and three student jurists was to determine if the administration had enough evidence to expell the two student leaders for "continuous misconduct." The two were charged with twelve violations of university rules. Eight of these were dropped due to complete lack of evidence during the course of the "trial."

Although Anthony and Clark were each "convicted" on four of the charges -- "deliberate use of language not in the best interest of the University or its students; writing, publishing and distributing obscene, indecent, profane and immoral literature to students on TSU's campus; failure to answer a summons from the Dean of Men; and using a public address system to berate the University and cause a campus disruption" -- the court ordered the administration to reinstate the students on strict academic and social probation.

The Organization of Black Student Unity has an interesting history. In 1967, when Lee Otis Johnson, leader of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee at TSU, was being framed for prison, SNCC was kicked off campus for its militant activities. The SNCC

students simply formed another organization to meet their needs, called the Afro-American Cultural C' their needs, called the Afro-American Cultural Society. Later, they changed the name to the OBSU.

The OBSU has adopted a ten point program and platform similar to that of the Black Panthers. They demand a full education for black people which is controlled by blacks and which exposes the true nature of decadent American society.

They want all black male students to be exempt from participation in any military training corps such as ROTC. They demand an immediate end to police brutality and murder in the black community.

The OBSU conducts weekly classes in political education, covering subjects which answer the real needs of the black community rather than the often irrelevant "white-washed" courses taught at TSU. The official publication of the OBSU is a mimeographed paper called Vanguard.

In January of this year, Anthony and Clark received letters from James Race, Dean of Students, temporarily suspending them from TSU and telling them that they could appear for a hearing within ten days. The hearing on Feb. 3 was attended by several hundred students who enthusiastically supported the defendants with raised fists and who expressed their contempt for the administrators by continually disrupting prosecution testimony with laughter and jeers.

The course of the trial saw most of the misconduct charges dropped for lack of evidence. The prosecution attempted to prove that the language of these students -- during rallies and other public incidents -- had been obscene, profane and disrupting, as well as "damaging" to black women on campus. The prosecution's only witnesses were the vice-president of TSU and the Dean of Men.

The defense refuted this with testimony from numerous student leaders, both men and women, who had attended the functions in question and who had heard nothing disruptive or damaging but rather the true sentiments of the black community expressed in its own language.

The defense questioned a professor of constitutional law who said that the content of the Vanguard was "exemplary in the very best of the new Negro writing -- comparable to the writing of James Baldwin." Another defense witness was Rev. Leon Everett, a Baptist minis-

ter and member of the Houston School Board. He too had attended the so-called "obscene" rally and said he heard nothing disruptive.

The hearing was a good lesson in campus politics. The administrators claimed to be worried about the image of the school. The students know the administrators are only interested in retiring on fat pensions before TSU is swallowed up by the University of Houston, and students are determined to make TSU serve the real needs of the black community. The hearing made it clear that David Anthony and Ronald Clark were on trial for disturbing university officials.

Will the OBSU stop publishing the "obscene" Vanguard? "No!" Crickett Anthony assured Space City reporters. "I feel nothing but vindictiveness in my heart for those punk, sissy, coward administrators."



Lee Otis Johnson was transferred from the Harris County Rehabilitation Center in Humble to the state penitentiary in Huntsville on Monday, Jan. 26. He had been at the Rehabilitation Center since his conviction in August, 1968 on a narcotics charge.

Lee Otis is a political prisoner. He is serving 30 years for allegedly passing a marijuana joint to an undercover cop at a Houston party. He was convicted of sale of narcotics on the testimony of this one "witness." (Under Texas law, giving is the same as selling). No verdict at all was issued on the charge of possession. Johnson's arrest and conviction on this charge followed a long history of political intimidation and harassment from the Houston police who disapproved of his leadership activities in the black liberation struggle.

Early in January, Lee Otis' appeal to the state for a new trial was denied by the Court of Criminal Appeals in Austin. His lawyers are now preparing to appeal to the federal court for a new trial. They are also preparing a writ of habeas corpus questioning the constitutionality of the Texas law which denies bond to persons with sentences over 15 years. Under this law, by giving a big sentence and denying bond, a judge and/or jury can lock up someone they want to get rid of (like Lee Otis) for at least several years, the duration of the appeal procedures, even if conviction and sentence will obviously not hold in the end.

After a state appeal is denied, a prisoner is transferred to the penitentiary unless he is granted a stay of mandate. This is usually granted when a case is being pursued further in federal court. However, in Lee Otis' case it was denied. Johnson's lawyer, Bobby Caldwell got back his petition for a stay of mandate with a denial scribbled illegibly on the back of it by Judge K.K. Woodley in Austin. No reason for the denial was given.

# Free Lee Otis Now!

The following interview with Lee Otis was made by a local black newsmen on Jan. 8, before Lee Otis was transferred to the Huntsville State Penitentiary. For an earlier interview with him, see Space City No. 8.

\* \* \* \* \*

Interview: Tell me this, Lee Otis. Martin King and other Black political leaders have gone in jail for a purpose, but they've always come out. You're in jail for a purpose. It doesn't look like you're going to get out. Are you going to do the same good, do you think, being here?

Lee Otis: Well, I'm going to get out. I'm going to come out either alive or dead, one or the other. If it's necessary for me to sacrifice my life in order to do something for better conditions for all the children, man, like I got to do that, you know. I don't want my son to come up and ask me later on because I'm out there free: "Well, Dad, why didn't you do something about the situation when you had your youth?"

You know, like that's the way I felt at first. Why haven't we come together and said: "Well,

you know, we won't allow this kind of life to affect us any longer." I've seen very intelligent children end up out on the streets: slum, robbery penitentiary, in the nuthouse, in the grave.

Interview: Lee Otis, you're here in jail and the officers say you're a pretty good prisoner. You're not going to break out. What do you mean by, you think the sentence is too long and you're not going to stay here?

Lee Otis: See, I've got too much sense to try to break out of jail. That's just suicide. You're not going to jump up and come out of this-- all these iron bars and all these guns around here. But I feel that somewhere down the line that the truth will come out. And I feel that if people continue with intensified efforts, you know, when it becomes too expensive for them to keep me locked up, then they'll turn me loose.

Long as they feel like it's economically sound to keep me locked up, then they're going to keep me locked up. But people become frustrated, and if necessary, as a last resort, I say: "Violence is the only thing that the Man will answer to."

Interview: Lee Otis, there are a lot of people working in your behalf, maybe some not so visible, some just stamping envelopes or something like this. Today is Black Political Prisoners' Day and there are people protesting in courts, wearing black armbands in your favor today. What do you have to say for people like this?

Lee Otis: For one thing, anybody with good sense would have to be grateful for somebody trying to help him. But I still think that stamping envelopes is not enough. Giving a dollar bill, that's not enough. You know, this is a technological society and people can deal with that. They can balance that off, you know. No matter how many letters or press releases we can print favorably, they can print just as many unfavorably, and keep that balanced, you know.

I think we have to start putting pressure on points, things that would hurt. Something that they can't replace, you know, that they can't deal with. And once you start attacking them in that form, I think that he'll change his mind about trying to suppress the politics of the Black community.

You know, like they say this is a nation of majority rule. They say that this is a democratic society, that the laws are made by the people, for the people, and of the people. I say that any laws that are made by a group of people where I'm not represented, or my people are not represented, those laws don't apply to me. And we must implement this idea. When they come to me with one of them phony laws, you understand, burn them, send them away.

But as long as we give out a bunch of lip service and





# Panther 21 Trial Begins

NEW YORK — The trial of the Panther 21 began here Feb. 2, as more than 1,000 supporters demonstrated outside the State Supreme Court building.

Most of the 21 were arrested and imprisoned April 2 and have been in jail ever since. They are charged with conspiracy to firebomb five Manhattan department stores, blow up sections of the New Haven commuter railroad, attack a number of police precincts and bomb the Bronx Botanical Gardens.

The charge is one of the more outrageous ones that the government has used in its attempt to put the Black

Panther Party out of commission by jailing all its leaders. Manhattan District Attorney Frank Hogan announced the charges in a press conference, dramatically describing how his office had foiled the Panthers' terroristic bomb plot just in the nick of time. The sensational value of publicizing such charges in the midst of the Easter shopping rush should be clear: the Panthers were tried with banner headlines in the Daily News.

Panther Zayd Shakur told the Guardian, a New York radical newsweekly: "The department stores are just symbols of our oppression. Blowing up Gimbels and railroad facilities is not relating to the problem. We don't want vengeance at the expense of our own people."

Even though the charges are ridiculous, the Panthers have already, in fact, served 10 months. Bail for most of them was set at \$100,000. Needless to say, it could not be met.

One of the Panthers charged, Lee Berry, is presently in the Bellevue Hospital prison ward, listed in serious condition. At the time of his arrest, he was an in-patient at the Brooklyn VA Hospital. He was an epileptic as a result of wounds received in Vietnam.

According to Rod Sach in the Guardian, "Berry was jailed in the Tombs of Manhattan where medication for his epilepsy was completely withheld for three months. In that time he suffered several seizures including two grand mals. In July he was beaten severely by a guard and placed in solitary for five days. Berry, under heavy sedation, had failed to stand at attention when the guard was making a headcount check." The doctors have told Marva Berry, his wife, that he has a spreading blood clot, "apparently caused by an injury."

There have been many other instances of brutality in the jails.

The trial is the first major political trial in New York in the last decade. It should prove significant in view of the nation-wide repression of the Panthers and of the size and militance of the movement on the east coast.

don't do nothing I think they will continue their program: this bigotry that they have, you know, superiority of the races and all this thing that Black people are unfit and they got to qualify for white society, and all this integration mess. You know integration's a one-way street.

In order to get a better education, I got to go to a White school. In order to live in a good community, I got to live in a White community. You know, Integrated lunch counter, Integrated toilet house. You get toilet integrated progress. In the shit house. This is insignificant.

It's a thing where you're saying: "O.K., we're going to allow you to come up to this level with us." And you're fighting for the wrong thing. I'm born free, I'm born at that level. I'm born equal, you know. So you don't carry me through them changes. Either stop mistreating me as a human being, stop violating my human rights, or either I'll stop you, you know.

Now, if the government, people out there don't like to hear me talk this, then let them do their jobs as a majority power for making a democratic process work for Black folks. I think when we start doing this....if necessary, pick up our guns and start shooting. Die. You know. We've been dying for the country.

The Man says: "O.K., go to Korea." We jump up. We go fight the Koreans. We bled. We died. Why? Because he said bleed. You know. He sent us to Vietnam. But when little kids get shot down in a Black church and get bombed, you know, then we ain't got no blood. This is when we got to start thinking in terms of ourselves.

Don't let anybody pick our battles for us. We know our enemies. Viet Cong ain't never called me no nigger. The fight should be here on the home front.

All Black people in the country are political prisoners. They didn't come here on no Mayflower, they came here on a slave ship. They didn't land on no Plymouth Rock. Plymouth Rock landed on them. It's been on them ever since. We've been catching Hell in this police state. And I don't catch Hell because I'm an alpha or omega or Democrat or Republican. I catch Hell because I'm a Black man.

Interview: Lee Otis, let me ask you about your marijuana conviction.

Lee Otis: I say my trial was unconstitutional from the beginning to the end, simply because....How would Carol Vance like for me to snatch him off in Pearl Harbor in a Black court room with all Black prosecutor, Black jury, and try him? And give him 30 years? Oh, no! That would be against the law.

But yet, he can snatch me into his courtroom, White courtroom. White jury. White prosecutor, and an all-White jury. Sixteen people actually said: "Well, yes, I heard of him through the news media." They all disagreed with my activities.

We asked to strike the jury. "No." We asked for additional challenges to strike these few partial jurors. "No." We asked for a change of venue. "No." We asked for a continuance date because the witnesses we subpoenaed weren't there. "No." My trial was originally set down for September the 19. They moved it forward -- August the 26. And when we don't have any witnesses in the courtroom in my favor, they denied the continuance. So here I am, sitting up in the courtroom. I say, "Well, O.K., them laws don't apply for me, they don't apply to me."

Interviewer: Your appeal fell through just yesterday. What are we going to do now?

Lee Otis: I think the overall majority of the power structure definitely knows I don't fool with marijuana, you know. They claim that I was trying to buy dynamite and guns, you know, to blow up the city. Well, that's a crime. Why didn't they try me for that? This is what they're trying to do to justify this injustice they have inflicted upon me.

See, they don't prosecute guilty people. They take innocent people and make them want to do these kind of things, you know. They put that in my mind. So I might just buy me some dynamite and I might buy me some guns and I might use them both. Ain't no telling what I'm liable to do, you know.

Interview: You say a lot of strong things like that. These people here in the jail, the prisoners hear about this. The jailers hear about it. How do they treat you? Are you scared?

Lee Otis: Well, no, I'm not afraid, you know. The only thing that can happen to me -- I can die, and if I die I don't know nothing about that. Here in the jail I get a great deal of respect from both inmates and officers. Some dislike me, but there are some here who say that a man has a right to think the way he wants to think. Inmates, the majority, of the brothers here, are in my corner, we get along 100 percent, you know. I don't have no problems as far as inmates.

Of course, when I hit the penitentiary, you know, I've got a rumor that I'm suppose to get killed when I get down there. So What? I won't know nothing about it, but I'm going to do my thing until they kill me, man. They be the death of me, you know, like then I hope that in life I've lived a good example that will inspire other people to continue the struggle.

If a man ain't got something in this world that he would die for, then what is he living for? He's a walking ghost already, you know. This is my life. This is my work. This is my goal: To create better conditions, to create a better society, you know. My children won't have to grow up under the same conditions that I did, and perhaps they won't have to come to jail.

WE, THE PEOPLE OF TEXAS, HEREBY PETITION the Governor of Texas to pardon and release from imprisonment Lee Otis Johnson. We firmly believe that this man has been convicted and sentenced so severely less for the crime with which he was charged than for the ideas he expressed. Whether or not we agree with his ideas, we abhor his imprisonment for giving voice to them. No American can stand by and watch another enchained for his beliefs, for the freedom one man loses today may be lost to all tomorrow. His release will strengthen respect for rule by law, justly applied.

	NAME	ADDRESS	CITY
1.			
2.			
3.			
4.			
5.			

RETURN TO:  
Lee Otis Johnson Defense Committee

P.O. Box 6524  
Houston, Tex. 77005



# HE: Cultural Imperialism

The Houston Post on Jan. 12 ran a short editorial entitled "A link with other lands." Preserving the Post's image as an impartial, civic-minded newspaper, the piece was basically a PR pitch for the current \$70,000 fund-raising drive of the Institute of International Education.

The Post urged Houstonians to "respond generously to this organization which has done so much for the reputation of this city around the world." But they didn't mention that Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, owner of the Post, served on the Southwest Regional Advisory Board of the HE in 1959-60.

We know that if many Houstonians are like us, they wouldn't know the HE from the AMA, so we obtained the HE's promotional material and tried to find out just what they do for the reputation of our fine city, and how.

Turns out the HE is a private agency which has been crucial to U.S. foreign relations. With programs that extend to dozens of countries, the HE is one of the prototypes of U.S. cultural imperialism. It emphasizes student exchange because the HE administrators recognize the political nature of education and are clear about the political intent of the HE.

In a promotional pamphlet, "Services for the International Corporation," the HE explains its usefulness to the corporate elite. "In the last decade, U.S. corporations have expanded their direct foreign investments by 60 per cent -- to \$40 billion at the end of 1963. They recognize, abroad as well as at home, that education offers the best means for stimulating purchasing power, encouraging political stability, and most important of all, developing a reservoir of the trained manpower so necessary to their overseas operations."

To understand the HE we must look at the wider context of the expansion of the United States empire, which is a

function of our economy's need for foreign markets to absorb our excess production and of our need for strategic raw materials. Our economy must produce more than can be consumed domestically in order to sustain profits and maintain high employment.

To efficiently administer an empire, the U.S. needs administrators. U.S. officials who are proficient in the native culture must be posted around the world. Skilled indigenous managerial elites are also necessary because of their contacts and experience. Created and financed in 1917 by those upper class "internationalists" who saw the foreign student as a potential agent for the American way of life in their home countries, the HE is the crucial two-way link between students, universities, the Government, corporations and potential markets and sources of raw materials.

One of the HE's most important functions is providing intelligence on personnel for corporations operating abroad. As HE points out, "With few exceptions, American companies which operate in foreign countries find it desirable to employ nationals with U.S. academic training." Every year the HE takes and publishes a census of foreign scholars studying, teaching, or doing research at U.S. colleges, as well as U.S. students abroad.

Under the guise of promoting educational exchange with under-developed countries -- "cooperative" ventures for "mutual understanding" of a "reciprocal" nature the HE directly serves the interests of US capital and control abroad. Besides supplying corporations with possible employees for expansion of overseas operations or establishment of new foreign plants, the HE helps companies set up international fellowship, whether for public relations or for real training of its management. The HE will also secure publicity for the corporation abroad.

The style of the HE is one of sophisticated

and internationalism. The men and women who are the trustees of the HE are the wielders of power in America but they are a special breed. They are not the more public and provincial of the powerful; they are the well-schooled and socially prominent. Their style is the same whether in the offices of the foundations and banks or at the meetings of the HE. A few of the more interesting trustees are:

Mrs. George A. Braga (described in HE publications as a civic leader), whose sugar tycoon husband had many of his holdings confiscated in Cuba.

Ralph J. Bunch, vice-chairman of the HE and the State Department emissary to it. As the Establishment's most trusted Negro, he is a little bit overworked as a foundation trustee: God Bless America Fund, Field Foundation, Rockefeller Foundation, and the Fund for the Advancement of Education, whose principal donor is the Ford Foundation.

Grayson Kirk, former president of Columbia University, director of Socony-Mobil Oil Co., IBM Corp., Consolidated Edison of New York and a trustee of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching and of the CIA-financed Asia Foundation.

Kenneth Holland, president of the HE since 1958. He was a member of the Foundation for Youth and Student Affairs (FYSA) and was vice-president of the American Institute for Free Labor Development (AIFLD), a hybrid organization directed and financed by corporation, labor and government (including CIA) leaders whose purpose is to develop company unions in Latin America. He is a sponsor of the World University service, a body partially financed and staffed by the CIA, set up to coordinate voluntary assistance programs between the U.S. university community and the Third World.

Many pages could be written describing the cross-connections between the HE, The Rockefeller, Ford and Carnegie Foundations, and the Central Intelligence Agency. And there are specific examples of the flow of personnel and money between the CIA and HE: known CIA conduits that have contributed to the HE are FYSA, the Dodge Foundation, the Rubicon Foundation, the Houston Endowment, and the Hobby Foundation. The story is more one of shifting money from one pocket to the other.

Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby of the Hobby Foundation was a member of the HE advisory board in 1959-60. But to pretend that Mrs. Hobby's only interest is her CIA conduit foundation is to sell her short. She was Eisenhower's Secretary of HEW, is president of the Houston Post, member of the Rockefeller Brothers' Fund for Special Studies Project and a member of the National Advisory Committee on the Selective Service.

The people of the HE cannot be explained in terms of the CIA. They must be understood as members of the sophisticated, internationalist elite of the United States. The political assumptions and style of operation of this elite are basically the same, whether in the Rockefeller, Ford, and Hobby Foundations, in the HE or in the CIA. (For a better study of the HE, see "The Politics of Cultural Exchange," Vol. 1, No. 9 of the NACLA Newsletter, Box 57 Cathedral Station, New York, N.Y. 10025)

American business has adopted an image of educator and social reformer in its private aid programs in order to destroy the image of capitalist "exploiting the natives." It is not that they no longer exploit the natives, but that their investment in human resources overseas pays off with good propaganda and trained personnel who will be the partners of American-style progress.

The Post can tell us that the business of the HE is "expanding the understanding between Americans and the peoples of other nations." But we know that the business of the HE is to administer the American empire, to see that the influence of the Hobbys and the Rockefellers (and the CIA) is welcomed around the world.

## Students Move Against ROTC



Because of their position as the most visible manifestation of the military on campus, ROTC programs are becoming increasingly unpopular at colleges coast-to-coast. Students and community supporters are rising up and calling for the abolition of ROTC.

At Rutgers, the Dec. 10 firebombing of an Army ROTC building set off a series of protests. The day after the

bombing, an orientation session for freshmen by Army ROTC was called off when 40 demonstrators showed up. Two days later 21 students were arrested and charged with trespassing and disorderly conduct when they carried their demand for an end to ROTC before the Board of Governors.

At the University of Oregon, three ROTC recruiters were splattered with animal blood during winter term registra-

tion by a group calling itself the Women's Militia. On Jan 9 some 39 Oregon Students entered a meeting of a faculty ad hoc committee on ROTC, spraying the room with imaginary machine gun fire. The committee was charged with avoiding the real issue by discussing the accreditation and curriculum of ROTC, rather than its banishment from campus.

At the University of Wisconsin's Milwaukee campus, a faculty member and eight youths were arrested after marching into ROTC offices on campus. Seven were charged with "misconduct on public grounds" under a state law which went into effect only last August to deal with campus demonstrations.

At Northwestern University, about 30 students held a two-day sit-in in the building housing the University's Naval ROTC.

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The Reserve Officer Training Corps is the major source of new officers for the U.S. war machine. Operating on at least 247 college campuses, it provides approximately 20 times as many new officers for the Army as does West Point. More than 20 percent of the Army officers on active duty are graduates of ROTC. Sixty-five per cent of Army first lieutenants and 85 per cent of the second lieutenants -- ranks particularly important in wars like Vietnam -- are ROTC-trained officers.

A mass conscript army of the type now on the loose in Southeast Asia needs large numbers of junior grade officers. Without ROTC it would be difficult to recruit enough of these young officers to staff anything more than a small professional corps of shock troops like the Marines.

But the Marines alone couldn't take on a popularly-supported guerrilla movement like the National Liberation Front. There is a direct link between the existence of ROTC and the future possibilities of American military aggression in Third World countries. Thus the destruction of ROTC would be a blow against the exploitative and dominating system of U.S. imperialism and a blow for oppressed peoples throughout the world fighting for their liberation.

Closer to home, about three months ago, there was an action by the University of Houston SDS around the presence of an Officer Candidate School recruiter on the UH campus. Right-wing students attacked some SDS folks, so the UH security came and hauled the SDS people away. The result of the action, however, was that a lot of political discussion was generated on the normally dormant UH campus.

Recently, radical students at Rice University have initiated a campaign against ROTC on that campus. Students began an education drive around ROTC at Rice by distributing a militant tabloid, "SEIZE THE TIME!", analysing the importance of ROTC to the American military empire. On Feb 3, an anti-ROTC contingent held a brief rally at Rice prior to a scheduled ROTC recruiting forum, and then attempted to disrupt the forum, with questions directed at ROTC's complicity in American war crimes in Vietnam.

As long as U.S. imperialism is able to wage large scale wars, it will use this ability to defend reactionary cliques in the Third World and suppress Black and Brown rebellions at home. The struggle against ROTC aims at hindering the military's ability to do this by depriving it of one of its supportive institutions.



# GE strike ends with 'semi-victory'

Most of the 150,000 General Electric workers, who have been on strike against one of America's corporate giants for the past three months, have returned to work with a 40-month renewed contract, with pay increases ranging from 61 to 82 cents an hour, depending on the cost of living clause.

Members of the International Union of Electrical Workers (IUE) and the Union of Electrical Workers (UE) accepted the contract almost 2 to 1, although there were cases where entire union locals rejected the contracts. IUE's 10,249-member local at Schenectady, N.Y., where police had been brought in to protect the management's scabs, voted to reject the pact.

GE's rulers claim that the settlement will add nearly \$1 billion to their "labor costs," a term they use to indicate the people who produce their wealth. Of course, whenever there is a strike, it is the mass of working people who ultimately pay for better working conditions and increases in wages, not the GE bosses. Before the strike was over, GE announced a 3.3 per cent increase in prices, on top of a 4 per

cent increase last September. That means that a clock radio which cost \$29.95 a year ago will now cost \$32.18. The result is more work for a paycheck that buys less.

Workers at the three GE plants in Houston consider the settlement a victory, even though the new contract makes no provision for real arbitration of union grievances or for uniform wage rates for all plants, both of which the union fought for during the negotiations.

Although the unions at first demanded a wage increase of 35 cents an hour in the first year, 30 cents the second year and 25 cents the third, the new contract provides for a basic 20 cent increase the first year and 15 cents each additional year.

"But even this was a victory," said a spokesman for IUE Local 716 in Houston, "since this was the third offer the company made during the negotiations—in the past it's been a matter of pride for them to make one take-it-or-leave-it proposal and refuse to negotiate."

Houston GE strikers honored the scabs who crossed their picket line with this "scab cemetery". The strike is over now and scabs are enjoying the same wage increases as the returning strikers.

The major concession won by the unions was a cost-of-living clause that increases wages one cent an hour for each 0.3 per cent increase in the consumer price index up to a maximum of eight cents a year.

Houston workers explained that, while union negotiators knew they weren't getting what they wanted in the new contract, they approved it because a Taft-Hartley injunction would have been used to force many of the strikers back to work if they held out much longer. Since about one-third of the GE workers are in defense-related plants, this alternative would have effectively killed the strike.

Although the unions won slight improvements in insurance, pension and vacation benefits, the new contract provides virtually nothing new in an area which local GE workers feel strongly about—industrial safety and health.

A GE worker does not have the right to refuse a job because that job is unsafe. Though contracts include safety regulations, these regulations are useless in preventing accidents from occurring. The grievance machinery only goes into motion after injuries have occurred. GE workers say that what really happens is that there has to be an accident, and someone must get hurt, before GE does anything to correct unsafe conditions in the plant, if they do anything even then.

Another health hazard is the "in-plant pollution." In many factories the poisonous fumes and smoke from paint, varnishes and burning waste can cause long-term health damage. Workers also suffer from temporary or permanent loss of hearing because of inadequate protection from machine noise. Complaints about these conditions have so far been ignored by the company.

Members of IUE Local 716 said that their main health gripe has been the lack of dust collection in their plant. Workers continue to breathe the noxious dust; when they organized a union safety committee and attempted to solve some of these health problems, the company refused to recognize the committee.

The health insurance plan for GE workers provides the most minimal benefits for injuries received while working. If an eye, hand or foot is lost on the job, the worker gets half of his yearly salary in compensation. If two limbs, or an eye and a limb are lost, he receives a year's salary. These rates are far lower than in other industries.

The health and safety demands of the unions during the strike were that there be licensed medical personnel on all shifts and that joint worker/management safety committees be established at all plants. GE bosses refused both of these demands, claiming that the per capita cost to provide a nurse or doctor is prohibitive.

Houston GE workers made it clear to us at the picket line during their "victory party" after the settlement that they know these health and safety demands are only a partial solution to the problem. They know that the wage increases they won by this struggle are minor concessions which their bosses will pass on to all working people in the form of higher consumer prices.

They know that in order to achieve just working conditions and a fair price for their labor, the workers will have to wrest control of their plants away from GE bosses. As one striker explained, "I think the main thing we learned during this strike is that GE management are nothing but a bunch of rich asses, and workers just got to keep together and keep fighting if we ever mean to change anything."

## Pregnant? Need Help?



There are no shots or pills to terminate pregnancy. Also beware of mimeographed lists of doctors who will perform abortions, these are often bootlegged or obsolete and only lead to quacks or authorities.

The "PROBLEM PREGNANCY COUNSELING SERVICE" provides complete privacy, many references, (so you may talk to others who have been helped) and is totally confidential. If

you have any doubts as to the alternatives from which you are choosing,

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# High School Propaganda

Next time somebody over at the Houston school administration building is drawing up a list of approved books for this or that course, we've got one that ought to be included. It's called *How Old Will You Be In 1984?*

It's not exactly the standard textbook, which is a fine reason for reading it at your first opportunity. It's written by the people it's for -- high school students -- and it's seldom apologetic for what it perceives to be another generation's errors.

*How Old Will You Be In 1984* is a collection of over 250 articles, poems and drawings from the high school free press. (You commie -- chasers and

Rap-Up solicits (begs for even) news from your high school. The only way we can make this a regular, relevant column is for you to let us know what's happening. Even a paragraph or two. We won't use names if you don't want us to, but please sign and include a phone number so we can check for accuracy or additional information.

paranoid principals who still think "free press" means free to write dirty words, might do well to read this book too; it won't give you much comfort, but you might understand what's coming down a little better.)

As a phenomenon the high school free press dates from shortly after the birth of the college "underground" press -- which dates from shortly after the discovery that the offset press is mightier than the pen (and considerably cheaper than letterpress). Their growth has been sudden and incredible. In almost every city large enough to merit the name, in hundreds of towns, in carefully protected and isolated suburbs the papers have appeared overnight, disappeared, appeared again. Some are roughly done, mimeographed leaflets; others are colorful, professional-looking tabloids. Some are articulate; many reflect the educational deficiencies they decry.

But maybe the best way to say this is to offer a few reprints.



## Life in These United States

I used to be the biggest patriot in the country. I cheered wildly when John Glenn went up and marched proudly in my Boy Scout uniform on Memorial Day. This country was the greatest in the world -- it stood for decency, humanity, peace, justice, freedom. I would go into Cunningham Park every afternoon and look at America's glory. I collected flowers, leaves, rocks, shells, salamanders. Freedom was chasing a squirrel down the steep gulches and catching minnows with a shoe box and flour and molasses bait. I'd ride the subway, go to the library, amaze at the steel sky-scrappers, the wire suspended bridges, and travel home to sleep warmly and safely in my blankets.

I'm 17 now. My throat is red and raspy from the riot-gas of the Illinois National Guard. My head is swollen from the "Sons of Liberty" who beat me up because I'm a "hippy-Jew." My voice is hoarse from trying to explain the way I feel. I no longer give a shit if anyone understands.

I went back to Cunningham Park last summer. The best part was cut down. There are silver fences and day-glo traffic signs and six lanes of asphalt run through the minnow lake. Pea Pond has no more fish and the sky is dark with exhaust and smoke.

I went to the Public Library yesterday. But it wasn't to explore shelves and flip the pages and read the magazines. I went there to read the college catalog so I'll get a degree and get a good job. Otherwise I'll have to go in the Army or jail or Canada.

The subway is no longer a Saturday treat. It carries me to demonstrations and meetings and mimeo machines. With my work shirt and jeans I suffocate with all the commuters who went to college and got good jobs and are now happy....

The circumstances have changed. No longer should I carry the "Star Spangled Banner" down Jamaica Ave. in a Spring Parade. Now, flag in one hand, M-16 in the other, I should trek through the swamps killing everything that moves.

They speak of violence. They say I am guilty of it. They say they are defending everything I love. They claim that they are protecting everything from people like me! But they have guns and the bombs and the police departments. And what they claim to be defending I know I would never destroy. I am 17 now. The violence

and destruction began before I was born. I am 17 now and I know they are liars.

Six black men murdered in Miami, shot in Georgia, lynched in Mississippi, executed in Newark, beaten in New York, dead in Saigon. In coffins now because they stole a loaf of bread, wanted a decent life, know they were men, knew who the liars are.

I was walking with my dog. It was early evening, quiet. Two black kids, 8 or 9 years old, rode by on bicycles, laughing, happy, young, free. I saw them surrounded by 10 white teenagers in leather coats, pointed shoes and Brylcreamed hair. Spitting on their faces, their clothing, screaming, "Get outta Corona, you fucking niggers!" They shook the handlebars; they kicked the spokes. I saw the two kids ride away with ripped shirts and wet eyes. "We cannot tolerate lawlessness" says the President and the police buy new weapons to control the blacks.

I saw my friends grow up overnight. Our youthful hope and naivete turned to fear and cynicism. Our love of freedom turned to a fight against authority. Our love of life turned to a fight for survival. Everything we know and were taught to believe in is being threatened, our very lives are threatened. We see this fact and we cannot remain passive. And although some of us have grown bitter and resentful, a tight bond has grown between us, our love for each other has multiplied and we are forming a community around us.

You say we believe in a foreign ideology. Maybe so. If America stands for death, enslavement and deceit, then you are right, we are not Americans. But we were taught to revere "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and we choose to be faithful to these concepts. That Thomas Jefferson was also a liar, that what he meant was "property, property and the pursuit of property" is another story. Are we part of a world conspiracy? You'd better believe it! But it's not a conspiracy directed from the leaders in the Kremlin. It's directed at them too. It's the plot of the long-haired Russian youth in Moscow, the Czech students fighting the fascist tanks in Prague, the N.I.I. fighting the U.S. tanks in Hue and Grace Slick singing in Central Park.

Viva the World Revolution!  
Howard Swerdloff  
The New York High School Free Press  
New York City

## Grades, Bah Humbug!!

Grades operate in a number of disguised ways. First they are the teacher's equivalent of the caveman's club. Since students need acceptable grades for desirable scholarships, jobs, and consequent social and economic prestige, the teacher's grading power is a penalty strong enough to give him the final voice in deciding the purpose, content and arrangement of instruction materials. Accordingly, to spend a number of years under the grading system is to be continuously conditioned to letting someone else decide which questions and data are important and almost unavoidably what answers are acceptable.

Second, this system seeks to measure in terms of grades those qualities which cannot be measured in these terms. By limiting educational material to what can be measured in grades, they eliminate from the classroom such goals as the development of ability to know one's self, to enter into serious, mindbending conversation, to think independently, to relate knowledge to obligation and so on all of which are necessary for responsible decision making.

Third, grades teach students to compete against each other. Anyone who may attempt to justify such competition may say that it motivates and prepares students for the big competitive outside world. If grades do motivate, then they reinforce a value system that makes equal the acceptability of self with performing better than others. Further it states the belief that private reward must and should come at the expense of the wellbeing of others. The logical outcome of such a value system is precisely the war mentality of the "big competitive world" with self-interest groups pitted rifle-barrel to rifle-barrel.

Fourth, students who have been passive for 12 years in the face of established authority will be superbly fitted for colleges that are based on submission to authority, research production and scholarly pecking-orders. They fit very well in a bureaucratic organization, mass production and enthrall economic self-interest.

This argument against grades is by

no means an argument against evaluation. Evaluation that is for, and largely by, the students. If students, their thought enriched by class discussion and reading, are enabled to arrive at standards of measurement personally meaningful to them. If they can avail themselves of the teacher's orally-given insights about their personal progress in an area, if they are then in a position to choose what to pursue in light of their progress and interest, then evaluation educates rather than indoctrinates.

THE OPEN DOOR

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

## Notes From Life

High school is really and truly a drag. Standing on line for a goddam hour to see some crotchety old man and you can't even smoke a cigarette so you settle for picking your nose and when you finally get into his office you're so up-tight that you forgot what you came down for and you couldn't care less and it's only second period on the first day and you know you ain't gonna make it for a whole year. And you realize, now that you're a senior, that the only things you learned in the last three years were how to roll a joint and how to rap your way out of suspension. For that you spend 8 hours a day of completely insane torture. Now you're a senior and you know how to sit in your assigned seat and raise your hand when you have to go. So why don't you drop out? Well, there's that thing they call the Selective Service System, right?

Did you ever notice that it's only the kids who're hip to the whole thing that they send to shrinks? Blessed be the ignorant.

SANSCHOOLIES

New York City



## reward offered

### Right Wingers

### Shoot Up Home

Right wing vigilantes are continuing their terrorist assaults on members of the Houston anti-war movement. The latest attack, and one of the most serious, occurred Monday, Feb. 2. The home of Fred and Laura Brode (Fred is chairman of the Houston Committee against the War in Vietnam) was riddled with 16 shots from a .45. The shooting occurred about 10 pm and only Mrs. Brode was home. The shots, some of which penetrated four walls, came through windows in the Brodes' bedroom which faces on the street.

This is not the first time the Brode home has been shot up. And other movement activists, including UH Prof Edgar Crane, local SDS folk and Space City staffers, have been facing continual harassment from rightists. As a result, the Houston Committee Against the War has announced that it is offering a \$500 reward to anyone with information that leads to the arrest and conviction of the culprits.

## Carswell is Sexist, Too

Public accusations continued last week against Tricky Dick Nixon's latest conservative candidate for the Supreme Court, Judge G. Harrold Carswell.

The Tallahassee, Florida, judge was nominated to the court by Nixon on Jan. 19. Since that time it has been disclosed that Carswell once publicly advocated white supremacy, systematically ruled against black civil rights activists and belonged to a segregated golf club.

In the Senate hearings Jan. 28, it was learned that Carswell's judicial history is male supremacist as well as racist. Betty Friedan, president of the National Organization of Women, revealed that last year Carswell upheld a lower court decision denying a woman with pre-school children the right to hold a job. The decision was handed down by the fifth circuit court of appeals on Oct. 13, 1969.

The case involved Mrs. Ida Phillips who was refused employment by the Martin Marietta Corp. as an aircraft assembler because she had pre-school children, although the company said

it would hire a man with pre-school age children. According to Randy Furst of the Guardian, Carswell has admitted that the effect of his ruling would sustain an action preventing any mother of pre-school children from getting a job.

This is a clear-cut violation of Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act which forbids job discrimination on grounds of sex as well as race. But for Carswell there are other laws which are stronger: the American social laws of male supremacy. These laws state that woman's place is in the home caring for the children, doing non-paying household labor, dependent upon and dominated by men.

"Just as racism has been institutionalized, so has male supremacy -- but for a much longer period," said Carolyn Jasen, a delegate to the continuations committee of the Congress for Women, commenting on the Carswell nomination. Carswell's 1969 decision and Nixon's nomination of Carswell to America's highest court are two good modern examples of this institutionalization.

### heavies from GRAMAPHONICS



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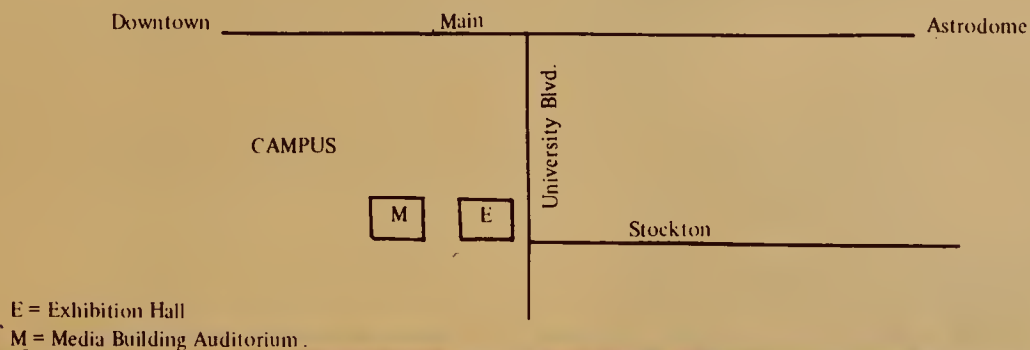
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### Santa Barbara Strikes Back

SAN FRANCISCO (LNS) -- Some five gallons of motor oil was dumped into the pool of the Standard Oil company building's fountain in downtown San Francisco, Jan. 26. A sign was left which read, "Santa Barbara Strikes Back." The act marked the first anniversary of the pollution of Santa Barbara's beaches which was caused by a massive offshore oil leak.

## RICE UNIVERSITY Spring Film Series

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#### THURSDAY NIGHT SERIES:

Feb 12 -- Before the Revolution (Bellocchio)  
Feb 19 -- Guest appearance by John Korty, plus "River Run"  
Feb 26 -- Troublemakers (Machover & Fruchter)  
Mar 5 -- American film to be announced  
Mar 12 -- Guest appearance by Ed Emschwiller (showing his own films)  
Mar 19 -- Windflowers (Adolfas Mekas)  
Apr 2 -- Hawks and Sparrows (Pasolini)  
Apr 9 -- Titticut Follies (Fred Wiseman)  
Apr 16 -- Antonio des Mortes (Galuba Rocha)  
Apr 23 -- Guest appearance by James McBride, plus "My Girlfriend's Wedding"  
Apr 30 -- China is Near (Dellocchio)

#### FRIDAY NIGHT SERIES:

Feb 13 -- LaNotte (Antonioni)  
Feb 20 -- Rashomon (Kurosawa)  
Feb 27 -- World of Apu (S. Ray)  
Mar 6 -- Pickpocket (Bresson)  
Mar 13 -- Red Desert (Antonioni)  
Apr 3 -- Gospel According to St. Matthew (Pasolini)  
Apr 10 -- Warrendale (Allen King)  
Apr 17 -- Jean-Luc Godard Program  
Apr 24 -- Wild Strawberries (Bergman)  
May 1 -- Muriel (Resnais)  
Day after Day (Clement)

Screenings begin at 8 pm. Annual series subscriptions, \$25, for about 100 films, are sold at the door, or call 528-4141 ext 357. Single admission \$1 for the public, free for Rice and St. Thomas U. students, faculty, art and media associates. Films presented by the Institute for the Arts of Rice University.



DRILL SERGEANT: When you left your home, you were in your mother's care, now you're in MY care. From now on, every time you move, breathe, piss or blow your nose it will be what I tell you to do. From now on you will do as you're told, and that is the ONLY way you will do. IS THAT CLEAR?!!!!

TRANEES (In chorus): YES SIR!!!  
DRILL SERGEANT: Maybe you didn't hear me so good—I SAID IS THAT CLEAR?!!!!

TRANEES: YES SIR!!!

—from a tape of Marine Training

"They try to terrorize you right off the bat," says Steve Boyd, a 20-year-old Vietnam veteran, son of a Hartford, Conn. machine shop foreman. "They put you in an atmosphere of complete fear. They isolate you, strip you of your identity. They tell you to stop thinking—they tell you THEY'LL do your thinking for you. Let the Army be your mind.

"People don't realize why soldiers march," says Staff Sergeant Rick Williams, a husky, quiet-spoken soldier of Southern poor-white origin. "It's because when you march you don't have a mind of your own. You can't think about a right face before you get the order, or you'll do it before it's time. Once you get a soldier to march, you can get him to do just about anything you tell him."

Williams, whose father was a Marine Sergeant, has been in the Army for seven years, and commanded a combat platoon in Vietnam. He was a guard at the notorious Long Binh Army stockade. "The idea of Basic Training is to tear you completely and suddenly away from everything that is part of your identity. They shave your head, take away your clothes, make you send home all your belongings, give you all the same clothes—everything to tell you that you're no longer an individual—you're a company, and your conscience happens to be the company commander."

"The main thing," says a big, burly blond soldier, "is fear. You realize that they can do anything they want to you."

"There was this one guy—I think he was mentally sick—that the DI used to pick out. Once, before inspection, the DI hid a coat hanger under this guy's mat-

ress. At inspection, he found it. 'Starr,' (that was the guy's name) 'you're in the Army now. You can't hide shit under your mattress,' he said, and beat the shit out of him. Then he tore up the whole room, throwing all our stuff around and told us he'd be back to inspect it again in two minutes.

"Another time, the DI beat the shit out of this same guy and when he finally collapsed he kicked him in the stomach so he puked. Then he opened

the door into where we were all watching a propaganda movie, stopped the movie and turned on the lights so we could all see Starr lying in his puke. 'I want you men to look at something,' he said, 'I want you to see the kind of trash we have to put up with.'

"I just felt sick and scared—you feel like the only thing that matters is that you get out—out of basic—so then you're out, but you're out the way they want you out.

"There was only one guy, a black guy, who belted a DI back—knocked him right on his ass. The DI went downstairs and got three other sergeants. They held him and beat him for fifteen minutes. He was a little ball lying on the floor. They told him to 'get out—he couldn't walk—tried to crawl out—they kicked him and he fell on his face. He puked blood for a few days. They wouldn't let him see a medic."

DRILL INSTRUCTOR: You people are out here for your third phase of bayonet training. Now remember one thing: on the bayonet course we only teach the art of killing, and that's all.

That's what I like to see—a little man get out here and do something. That's all it takes. It's not how big you are, it's how good and aggressive you are. Make some noise and swing that blade—realize you want to cut somebody's head right off his shoulders.

"At first you don't actually realize the hate coming out in you," says Steve. "You notice it when you go home on your first leave. Your whole philosophy becomes 'I don't give a fuck.' You're quicker than you ever were to have spurts of violence and get into fights.

"Then when you go back to the Army, it's like sinking deeper and deeper into depression every mile you get closer to base. All the things you started to gain back in two weeks—your personal insights, your feelings, everything you relate with on the outside—you feel it slowly slipping away from you. That's why guys hang on to little symbols, like beads and stuff—

it's a way to relate yourself to your feelings—because all you believe in is becoming buried inside you.

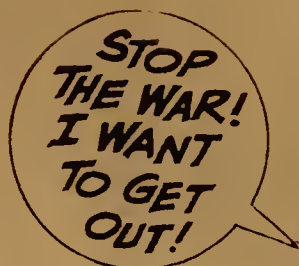
"Then they take all this fear and hate and relate it to Vietnam. The DIs tell you horror stories: 'Over in Nam, if you don't get Charlie before he gets you, he'll cut your nuts off. We used to take the gooks up in helicopters to question them. If they answered, we'd push them out anyway,' and another time, he told us about 'my buddy who flipped out and blew away some gook women and babies—he really did them a job—outsight!' And you're not human anymore—they strip you of all personal feelings—you're in such a trance or fucked up condition you laugh right along with him—you don't actually see what he's saying and think about it.

"I began to realize now, the DI's life is totally miserable too. A man wouldn't choose a job like that—it's mostly guys with no education—people who this society doesn't offer any decent alternative. It's about the only thing some of these guys could do to gain the 'respect' of their society. Society twists them up, and then they let all their problems out on you. Like eight weeks into my training my Drill Sergeant cracked up completely. He beat up his wife—put her in the hospital—and psyched out. They put him in the hospital and we got a new one."

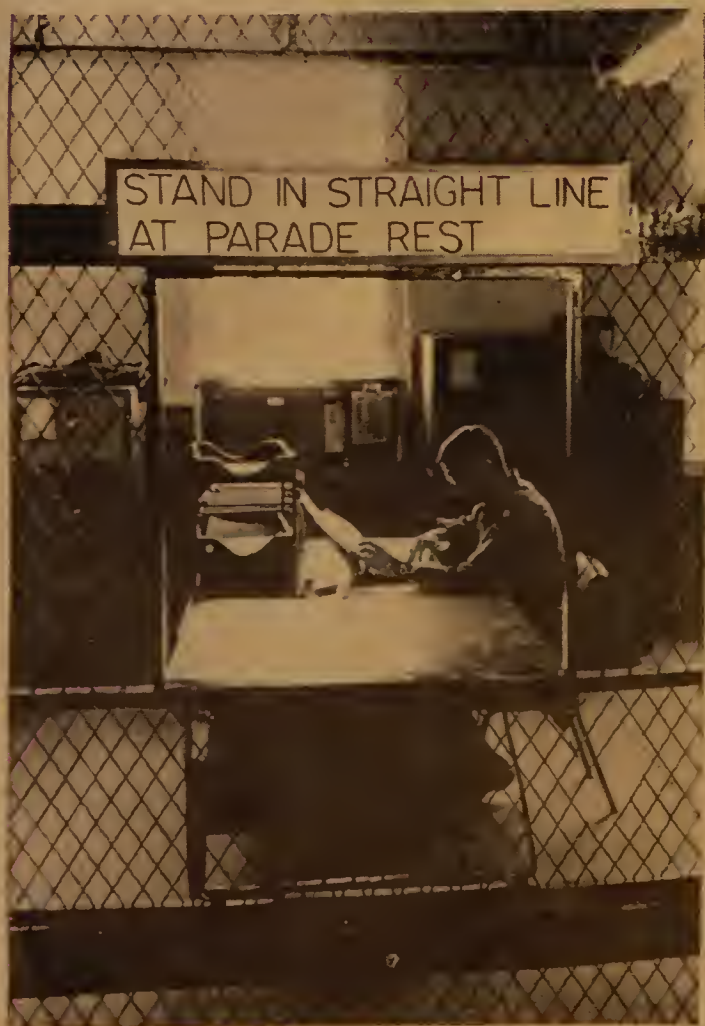
"All that bayonet training stuff," says Sgt. Rick Williams, "is just part of the general psych—to get you in a kill mood. They make you yell, 'Kill, kill, kill!' and plunge your bayonet into dummies. They want you to get used to not thinking about it. When somebody says kill, you kill. They don't even use bayonets in Nam—at least they didn't when I was there—it was just to psych people to kill.

"It's a basic struggle. You have to remember who and what you were before you went into the Army. But that's hard—not too many people know—and if you don't, the Army tells you who you are."

"I got sucked in—I was one of the puppets," says Dave Rossi, from an upper-middle class Baltimore family. Rossi is a Military Police Sergeant E-5, a big, clean-cut guy, a Viet-



'An A  
Comp



Fl. Dix stockade. David Fenton LNS



# Atmosphere Of Complete Fear' GIs Talk About The Army

nam veteran, and, until he started speaking out against stockade atrocities, a stockade guard both in Nam and in the U.S.

"I got to be platoon guide, the Sergeant's assistant, and then acting Sergeant—a candy striper. I got the position because I asked for it—not necessarily in so many words—" he thinks back and shakes his head, "as a matter of fact, I actually came right out and ASKED for it. Guys were fucking up, and I told the Sergeant I thought I could make them comply.

"They turn you against each other. When one guy fucks up, we all lost our weekend passes. I got to hate the guys who fucked up. So I dedicated myself to make guys comply to the military way—I really did," he shakes his head again, "I was a dedicated individual."

"How do you get into that mentality? They take EVERYTHING away from you. They shave your head, strip you of all identity, take away your clothes, you're naked and scared in a totally new environment. Every hour they hit you with something new. All you ever get called is shthead, or faggot, or girl—they degrade you so much that you need to do something to prove yourself—to gain some self-respect. Doing good at their thing is the only way you can distinguish yourself.

"They told me if I did this stuff I was a MAN. And I believed them.

"But really I was so scared and miserable—can you believe I refused to go back home when my brother was dying—I was so scared they would recycle me through basic training again if I missed time.

## Stockade Guard

"I first started to get disgusted with the Army when I was a stockade guard.

"The first thing they teach you is to fear the prisoners—so your immediate reaction is to scare the prisoners. That's why some of the stockade guards are so brutal. That was three years ago. Nowadays, the prisoners aren't scared anymore; they're

together—it's beautiful.

"I especially remember one prisoner. He was a Mexican immigrant, grape picker from Michigan—hardly spoke any English. They kept him in solitary confinement for 82 days on nothing but rabbit food. He got kind of crazy. He tore his blanket in half one night. So they gave him only half a blanket. He tore that up, so they took it away, and took away his clothes too.

"He got ahold of a razor blade one day and cut off all his hair—I don't know why. He'd howl at night. The guards used to put the hose on him and beat him 'til he shut up. One day he tried to burn all his hair off. He really burned himself pretty badly. I remember I sprayed him with the hose. But it wasn't like to help him—it was like for a joke—'lah, hah, you're on fire, hah, hah, now you're wpt.'

"Then I volunteered for Nam—I wanted a change of scene. I guess I thought it would be exciting or something.

"The first thing I noticed over there was the corruption. All the U.S. officers getting rich on the black market—and the way the South Vietnamese national and military police were just a bunch of goons, beating the shit out of their own people—these people we were supposed to be defending.

"One thing that helped was good ole marijuana. The first time I smoked it was in Nam. I couldn't understand why it was illegal—this wasn't anything wrong. Grass helped me become aware of things I had pushed aside. Grass helps you realize what's important and what's not. It lets you pull yourself out of a situation and look down at it and say, 'What is this shit.' And then you come down again and you object.

"I think it would have happened anyway, but it helped me see us being in Nam for what it was—nothing but a money-making motherfucker."

"To make progress in this country (Vietnam), it is necessary to level everything. The inhabitants must go back to zero, lose their traditional culture, for it blocks everything."  
—American diplomat in Vietnam

## Trained Killer

"Over in Nam I killed my share of men—you gotta kill Charlie gook before he comes and kills you." The speaker is an AWOL ex-Marine Drill Sergeant. He was a member of the Hell's Angels motorcycle gang before volunteered. He's a tall, thin highstrung guy.

"I hated Charlie Cong," he says. "They really brainwashed us—showed us pictures of GIs with their heads cut off—said that's what Charlie would do to us.

"I hated all gooks. I walked into a hut once, and there was a gook woman and some kids. I just blew them all away, rat, tat, tat," he smiles a nervous, broken-toothed smile.

"I've seen bodies, and I've smelt bodies. You ever smell a burnt body? It's not funny (he laughed). Most of us are brainwashed where we don't care.

"I was at Iell's Pass, you know, Hamburger Hill. The gung-ho captain sent 56 marines up the hill. About a dozen of them made it to the top. We were backing them up. We lost about five or six hundred men before we took that hill. Forty-eight hours later we left it.

"You better not see any brass out on the field. Never a Colonel, or a General—they know better. I watched my best buddy shoot this gung-ho Lieutenant—he poured a full clip into him—five-hundred rounds. He split him right in half (he laughs), half a Lieutenant here, half a Lieutenant there.

"About half the company saw it. I just grinned. We all said Charlie did it. This gung-ho motherfucker had gotten almost his whole squad wiped out while he hid behind a tree.

"I came back after getting shot at in Nam, and I get the same old shit here. They made me a DI, and I was rough. Finally, I said just because I went through this shit is no reason they should. I got tired of sending guys to kill and sending guys to their deaths. That's why I went AWOL.

"Shit. I was walking down the block a few days ago with two big packages of groceries. I heard a car backfire and I hit the ground—groceries all over the place. People stand around and laugh—ha ha ha—only it's not funny.

"If I saw a gook walk down the street right here (he points out in the street), I'd blow him away before you could bat an eye—I'm a trained killer in the year of the pig."

## Struggle at Home!

"When I was a guard in the Long Binh stockade, there were 23 guys there for killing their commanding officers, and 17 more on trial," says Rick Williams. "They weren't all very political guys, but they knew they were pissed off.

"My most unbelievable experience—where I really learned what communism was all about—was when I got to talk to some North Vietnamese prisoners.

"The only way I could get to talk to them was to guard them. They were in the prison hospital. There were five of them—four men and a woman. The woman had had her vagina cut out by some of Thieu's South Vietnamese soldiers. She was in unbelievable pain. One of the five spoke English and told me what happened to her.

"I expected them to hate Americans. But she wasn't bitter—she smiled and talked to me. That's when I got my first feeling for what revolution is all about—love. They said they had no hatred for GIs—they weren't going to fall into that bag of hating.

"I asked them what I could do. They said demonstrate, tell people at home what's happening here. Continue the struggle at home."

Liberation News Service





# A GAY PERSPECTIVE

## PART TWO

The following is Part Two of a Gay Liberation Manifesto written by Carl Wittman of San Francisco. See Space City No. 14 for Part One.

### On Sex

1. What sex is: It is both creative expression and communication: good when it is either, and better when it is both. Sex can also be aggression, and usually is when those involved do not see each other as equals; and it can also be perfunctory, when we are distracted or preoccupied. These uses spoil what is good about it.

I like to think of good sex in terms of playing the violin—with both people on one level seeing the other body as an object of producing beauty as long as they play it well; and on another level the players communicating through their mutual production and appreciation of beauty. As in good music, you get totally into it—and coming back out of that state of consciousness is like finishing a work of art or coming back from an episode of an acid or mescaline trip. And to press the analogy further: variety of music is infinite and varied, depending on the capabilities of the players, both as subjects and as objects. Solos, duets, quartets (symphonies, even, if you happen to dig Romantic music!) are possible. The variations in gender, response, and bodies are like different instruments. And perhaps what we have called sexual 'orientation' probably just meant that we have learned to play certain kinds of music well, and have not yet turned on to other music.

2. Objectification: In this scheme, people are sexual objects, but they are also subjects, and are human beings who appreciate themselves as object and subject. This use of human bodies as objects is legitimate (not harmful) only when it is reciprocal. If one person is always object and the other subject, it stifles the human being in both of them. Objectification must also be open and frank. By silence we often assume or let the other person assume that sex means commitments: if it does, ok, but if not, say it. (Of course, it's not all that simple: our capabilities for manipulation are unfathomed—all we can do is try).

Gay liberation people must understand that women have been treated exclusively and dishonestly as sexual objects. A major part of their liberation is to play down sexual objectification and to develop other aspects of themselves which have been stifled so long. We respect this. We also understand that some liberated women will, for a while, be appalled or disgusted at the open

and prominent place that we put sex in our lives; and while this is a natural response from their experience, they must learn what it means for us.

For us, sexual objectification is a focus of our liberation. Sex is precisely that which we are not supposed to have with each other. Learning how to be open and good with each other sexually is part of our liberation. And one major distinction is obvious: objectifications of sex for us is something we choose to do among us, while for women it is imposed by their oppressors.

3. On Positions and Roles: Much of our sexuality has been perverted through mimicry of straights, and warped from self hatred. These sexual perversions are basically anti gay:

"I like to make it with straight guys"

"I'm not gay, but I like to be 'done'"

"I like to fuck, but don't want to be fucked"

"I don't like to be touched above the neck"

This is role playing at its worst: we must transcend these roles. We strive for democratic, mutual, reciprocal sex. It doesn't mean that we are mirror images of each other in bed, but that we break away from roles which enslave us. We already do better in bed than straights do, and we can do even better.

4. On chicken and Studs: Face it, nice bodies, and young bodies, are attributes; they're groovy. They are inspiration for art, for spiritual elevation, for good sex. The problem arises only in the inability to relate to people of the same age, or people who don't fit the plastic stereotypes of a good body. At that point, objectification eclipses people, and expresses self hatred: "I don't like gay people, and I don't like my own

sexuality, but if a stud (or chicken) will go to bed with me, I can pretend I'm not me."

A footnote on exploitation of children: kids can take care of themselves, and are sexual beings way earlier than we'd like to admit. Those of us who began cruising in our early teens know this, and we were doing the cruising, not being debauched by "dirty old men." Scandals such as that in Boise, Idaho about homosexuals perverting the youth is a dirty lie: the high school kids were exploiting gays who were too scared to express the fullness of their homosexuality. And as for child molesting, the overwhelming amount is done by straight guys to little girls: it is not particularly a gay problem, and is a function of an anti-sexual puritanism and its resulting frustrations.

5. Perversion: We've been called perverts enough to be automatically suspicious of the word. Still many of us shrink from the idea of certain kinds of sex: with animals, sado/masochism, dirty sex (involving piss and shit). Right off, even before we take the time to learn any more, there are some things to get straight:

a) we shouldn't be apologetic to straights about gay people whose sex lives we don't understand or share; b) it's not particularly a gay issue, except that gays probably are less hung up about sexual experimentation; c) let's get perspective: even if we were to get into the game of deciding what's good for someone else, the harm done to people in these 'perversions' is undoubtedly less dangerous or unhealthy than is tobacco or alcohol. d) While they can be reflections of neurotic or self-hating patterns,

they may also be enactments of spiritual or important things:

e.g. sex with animals may be the beginning of interspecies communication: some dolphin-human breakthroughs have been made sexually; e.g. one guy who says he digs eating shit during sex occasionally says it's not the taste, texture or role, but a symbol that he's so far into sex that those things no longer bother him; e.g. s/m, when consensual, can be described as a highly artistic endeavor, a ballet the constraints of which are thresholds of pain and pleasure.

### On Our Ghetto

We are refugees from Amerika. So we came to the ghetto—and as other ghettos, it has its negative and positive aspects. Refugee camps are better than what preceded them, or people never would have come. But they are still enslaving, it's only that we are limited to being ourselves there and only there.

Ghettos breed self hatred. We stagnate, accepting the status quo. The status quo is rotten. We are all warped by our oppression, and in the isolation of the ghetto we blame ourselves rather than our oppressors.

Ghettos breed exploitation: Landlords find they can charge exorbitant rents and get away with it, because of the limited area which is safe to live in. Mafia control of bars and baths in New York is only one example of outside money controlling our institutions for their profit. In San Francisco, the Tavern Guild is in favor of maintaining the ghetto, for it is through the ghetto that they make a buck. We crowd their bars not because of their merit but because of the absence of any other social institutions. The Guild has refused to let us collect defense funds or pass out literature in their bars—need we ask why?

Police or con men who shake down the straight gay in return for not revealing them; the bookstores and movie makers who keep prices high because they are the only outlet for pornography; heads of 'modeling' agencies and other pimps who exploit both hustlers





and the customers—these are the parasites who flourish in the ghetto.

**San Francisco - Ghetto or Free Territory:** Our ghetto certainly is more beautiful and larger and more diverse and freer than most ghettos, and certainly more than Amerika—that's why we're here. But it is not ours—capitalists make money off us, police patrol us, the government tolerates us as long as we shut up, and daily we work for and pay taxes to those who oppress us.

To be a free territory, we must govern ourselves, set up our own institutions, defend ourselves, and use our own energies to improve our lives. The emergence of gay liberation communes, and our own paper is a good start. The talk about a gay liberation coffee-shop dance hall should be acted upon. Rural retreats, political offices, food retail cooperatives, free school, unalienating gay bars and after hours places—they must be developed if we are to have even the shadow of a free territory.

## On Coalition

Right now the bulk of our work has to be among ourselves—self educating, fending off attacks, and building free territory. Thus basically we have to have a gay/straight vision of the world, until the oppression of gays is ended.

But problems exist with that as a total vision: 1) we cannot change Amerika alone, we need coalition with other groups at some point. Many of us have mixed identities. We are gay, and also we are part of another group trying to free itself—women, blacks, other minorities; we may also have taken on identities which are vital to us: dopers, ecologists, radicals.

Who do we look to for coalition?

1. **Women's Liberation:** Summarizing earlier statements, 1) they are our closest ally; we must try hard to get together with them; 2) a lesbian caucus is probably the best way to attack gay guys' male chauvinism, and challenge the straightness of women's liberation. 3) we as males must be sensitive to their developing identity as women, and respect it; if we know what our liberation consists of, they certainly know what's best for them.

2. **Black liberation:** This is tenuous right now, because of the uptightness and supermasculinity of many black men (which is understandable). Despite that we must support their movement and demands; we must show that we mean business; and figure out which our common enemies are: police, city hall, capitalism.

And they need us too: In New York, where blacks and whites are in a stalemate about community control of schools and police, support from the very large gay population can make the difference between justice or continuing racism.

3. **Chicanos:** Basically the same problems as with blacks: trying to overcome mutual animosity and fear, and finding ways to support latin cultures, and the traditional pattern of Mexican 'punks' beating on homosexuals, can be overcome: we're both oppressed, by the same people at the top.

4. **White radicals and ideologues:** We're not, as a group, Marxist or communist—we haven't figured out what kind of economic-political structure is good for us as gays. Neither capitalist or communist has treated us as anything other than shit so far.

But we know we are radical, in that we know the system we are living under is the direct source of oppression, and it's

not just a question of sharing the pie. The pie is rotten.

We can look forward to coalition and mutual support with white radical groups if they are able to transcend their anti-gay and male chauvinist patterns. We support radical and militant demands as they come up, e.g. Moratorium, People's Park; but only as a group; we can't compromise our gay identity.

Problems: because radicals are doing somebody else's thing, they tend to avoid issues which affect them directly, and see us as jeopardizing their 'work' with other groups. Some years ago, a dignitary of SDS working on a community organization project announced at an initial staff meeting that there would be no homosexuality on the project. Recently in NYC, a movement group which had a coffee-house get together after a political rally, told the gays to leave when they started dancing together.

Perhaps it would be useful to approach them by helping them free the homosexual within them

5. **Hip and Street People:** A major dynamic of gay liberation sentiment is the hip revolution within the gay community emphasis on love, drop out, be honest, stop dressing drably, hair, smoking dope. Those who are the least vulnerable to attack by the establishment are the freest to express themselves.

We can make a direct appeal to young people, who are not so up tight about homosexuality. One kid, after having his first sex with a man, said 'I don't know what all the fuss is about, it's

not that different from making it with a girl!'

The hip/street culture has led people into a lot of other things: encounter / sensitivity, quest for reality, liberating territory for the people, ecological consciousness, communes. These are real points of agreement.

6. **Homophile groups:** 1) reformist or pokey as they sometimes are, they are our brothers. They will grow just as we have grown and grow. Don't attack them in straight or mixed company. 2) ignore their attacks on us. 3) cooperate where cooperation is possible without essential compromise of our identity.

## What's To Be Done?

1. Free ourselves: come out, everywhere; initiate self defense and political activity; initiate counter community institutions.
2. Turn other gay people on: talk all the time; understand, accept, forgive.
3. Free the homosexual in everyone: we'll be getting a lot of shit from threatened latents: be gentle and keep talking and acting free.
4. We've been playing an act for a long time: we're consummate actors. Now we can begin to be, and it'll be a good show!

—the Berkeley Tribe

Copies available from author, 171 Liberty St, San Francisco. 94110

## "LOVE" STATION FIRES GAY GUY, ANGERS COMMUNITY

SAN FRANCISCO (LNS) — Radio station KGO, a San Francisco affiliate of the ABC network, styles itself as the "love" Station. For KGO, love equals the winning combination of rock, rapacity and reaction.

KGO's "love" is the cynical Rolfe Peterson, a newscaster who ended a report on a women's liberation demonstration for self defense classes with his comment that the San Francisco rapists ought to take their toll from among these women.

KGO's "love" means firing veterans news editor Leo Laurence because he publicly admitted being a homosexual. Laurence has written about Gay Liberation for the Berkeley underground papers.

The firing of Laurence is a simple civil rights issue. His union, the National association of Broadcast Employees and Technicians, is backing him up, and arbitration proceedings have begun.

But ABC is being challenged more fundamentally for the repression it pushes under the name of love. The Gay Liberation Front (GLF), of which Laurence is a member, came into the streets Jan. 16 to demonstrate in support of Laurence and against the ABC reactionaries.

Some 200 strong they came. Mostly men, about two dozen gay women, too, chanting and shouting, raising clenched fists, holding hands, walking arm in arm.

"Say it loud, we're gay and proud." "Suck cock, beat the draft." "2-4-6-8, Organize to smash the state." "Out of our closets, into the streets!"

The march was leaderless, but two men with bullhorns were picked off and arrested, charged with disrupting the peace and obscenity. "Cock," presumably, is a dirty word to the police.

KGO chose not to report the demonstration on the air, while other media gave it ample and sympathetic coverage

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Here in Houston there are a lot of us, and in the past we have taken an awful lot of crap, afraid to be ourselves, and we have been isolated as a group because we haven't gotten together to fight back to make things better. People in GLF will meet at the Space City office 5 PM, Sun., February 22. Join us!

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# Bleed

By SANDY DARLINGTON, Good Times

ALTAMONT—The Stones' free concert. Sympathy for the Devil. "Something wierd always seems to happen when we play this song," said Mick Jagger as the Angels murdered a black man on stage about twenty feet away from him.

The Sunday Examiner and Oakland Tribune lied about it. So did radio and TV. Including KSAN, at least during the time of the concert. They were programmed for Woodstock West, instant Woodstock, so they reported it even though it never happened. A beautiful day, only one murder!

I got there a half hour early. Parked a half mile away. Walked into the front row mumbling some litany about Press and sat down, my arm leaning on the monitor speakers. The traffic jam was another media myth, you see.

A fat guy about three hundred pounds of heavenly joy, stripped. Naked blubber. Gross. Idiot smile. His bouncy body and his little pecker. Like a parody. But it was all right if he wanted it that way, from my point of view.



# Letting It

However, the sight of him freaked some stud who immediately wanted to beat him up. Not an Angel. Just some young man who immediately stiffened and started growling, like a German Shepherd getting ready for a dog fight. His girl friend threw herself on him: No, Johnny, no! Rebel without a cause.

Later a bunch of people, mostly Angels, beat the fat guy up.

The first fight was with pool cues. I think somebody hit an Angel to start it. Anyway, an Angel toppled into Ed Leimbacher's lap as he sat unable to move and everybody else split. During Santana's set. Oh, yes, all the music was good. I was about five feet away. Suddenly the crowd exploded. Young people, hairy. . . now hippies. . . the windbreaker-wearing set, last two years of high school, first two of college. They had been throwing food to each other shortly before. Suddenly, in one spot they exploded and began rushing away screaming No Stop Help! A circle of open ground. In the middle people were hitting each other. A photographer at the side, getting focused. An Angel said No Pictures! Two of them jumped the photographer. Another guy said something like Hey Stop that. An Angel cracked him over the head with a pool cue. He sat down.

People all around began to raise their hands in the V sign. That was their big response. It was so fucking pathetic.

Another fight during the Airplane set. Balin tried to stop it. They beat him up. Kanter got pissed off and said so over the mike. An Angel went for him.

- You're hitting my lead singer.
- He insulted my brothers.
- This is my band.
- This is my family.

Finally Grace Slick wooed them away with a rap about fucking is better than fighting. Don't touch bodies except to make love. Smiling at various Angels. Whorehouse tactics. And brave. And smart. Lili Marlene.

It pissed me off that the Airplane kept playing during one fight. It pissed me that Jorma wore a big iron swastika around his neck. Oh yes it's a sun symbol. And we're only in it for the music. They ended their set with a song about revolution. Horseshit.

Balin was brave. Or foolish? Yes, but there were few fools that brave that day. Hardly anybody stepped into the fighting to stop it like he did. And if Grace hadn't stepped forward, the temper was such that the Angels were about to massacre the Airplane.

Why didn't the Airplane walk off stage then? I doubt they could have. They were at bay.

No fights during Flying Burrito Brothers. One fight during Crosby, Stills etc.

We half-watched the music, half-watched for the next fight. People said When the Stones come on, somebody will get killed. It was in the air.

The whole crowd was uptight from the start. They wanted Instant Woodstock. Too crowded. Body to body. At the end of a set, we'd stand up. Whereupon people would push forward. Then others would yell Sit Down! We'd sit down on each other, or yell I can't until you move back. Yes, it was inhuman. So this is the Aquarian Age.

I kept thinking we are so stupid, so unable to cope with anything practical. Push forward, yes, smoke dope, yes. But maintain? Never. We don't know how. We've been coddled, treadmilled, straight-teethed and vitamin-pilled, but we don't know what to DO on our own. Reports of a revolution are vastly premature. We don't like the power structure. But we have to live together. We will be governed by others until we learn how to govern ourselves.

Sam Cutler, the Stones' road manager, was MC. I liked his London accent. Many didn't like him because of his manner and choice of words. I can't remember exactly what he said, but it was things like, People, we must resolve our tensions with equanimity.

Then: Move back, Get off the light towers, We need a doctor, This is a Party.

Dull technical English vibes. The English live together fairly well. They do it by being repressed. Mind your head, don't jump the queue. It's not much help in a high energy situation.

During the Stones' set, there were several fights at first. It was dark then. Primeval gloom. The swamp. Suddenly a circle would open up. In the middle, a bunch of Angels kicking somebody.

A girl jumped on stage to touch Mick Four or five Angels pounded on her. Jagger said Hey Hey, ONE of you guys can handle her, you don't need eight. After he said it three times, they desisted a bit. No more girls tried to get on the stage.

At one point, some Angels drove their bikes into the front of the crowd to take the pressure off stage. That sounds terrible, and the noise was a drag. But in fact it was a good idea, except that after ten minutes people had swamped where the bikes were.

The crowd got into hating Angels without much trouble. All those nice kids with their V signs that didn't do anything and their day was being spoiled by the Hells Angels. Deplore violence. Oh life would be so beautiful if only the bad guys weren't here.

I don't like Authority ever, so I didn't like the Angels much either. But how to relate right then? How to help? I'm not a fighter. And talking was out. Hence, I was as helpless as anyone. Impotent. That's the word. When the musicians tried to calm things down, they were the same way. They had power of sorts as long as they played. But as soon as they stepped out from the shelter of their guitars and said Cool It, it was like a commercials.

During the Stones' set, the fights were all the more terrifying. Because of the darkness. Somebody threw a smoke bomb into the first few rows at the beginning of Sympathy for the Devil. Some brother, as we say.

And in the middle of the circle, there would be one or two lying on the ground bleeding.

Who got the Angels to act as Security? The Stones and the Grateful Dead. Gleason puts them down for that. Well, I saw the Angels do the same job at the Be-In, at Santa Clara Rock Festival, and their beautiful birthday party dance at the Carousel with Big Brother in 1968. They were rough. They are rough people. But within bounds. And I thought that they did a good job.

Ahead of time, I think it seemed quite reasonable for them to buy Security at Altamont. I figure it this way:

Everybody was busy with negotiations and carpentry, and somebody said What about Security? And somebody else said, Call the Angels. And everybody said Yeh, great, well that's one problem taken care of. And that was it.

At the concert proper there was an air of frustration, nerves and tension from the start. It had nothing to do with the Angels. A lot of people were passing out free drugs. It's wrong to give out free drugs at a crowd. It simply is wrong. People who do it should be stopped. Because it's so tempting. If someone would have laid acid on me at the beginning, I would have taken it.

Why is it wrong? Because the situation is too crowded. You can't move your body. And you can't move your mind. And when heavy things happen, like fights, it starts a current going in everyone. Also the younger a person is, the more likely he or she is to take the drug as a festive gesture, and the less likely he or she is to be able to maintain. In short, it increases the chances of bad trips. And that is wrong.

The bad vibes of the situation got to the Angels. Well, no, that's unfair. They got to all of us, but the Angels were supposed to be the Force of the moment, so they soaked up the bad vibes and got upset easily. If you want to blame somebody, you can blame them. But if you do, you are lying. It's false to blame them for heating people up. Because we all know that about them



ahead of time. That's why we ask them to "keep peace," because they are tough and they can fight. We expect that of them.

But when the situation got tough and wierd, then suddenly we as a crowd expected THEM to fall in with our version of how things should be done. Well, life doesn't work that way. We gave them authority. When you give someone authority, it's because you are unwilling to do it yourself. And when you give someone authority, they carry it out THEIR way, not yours. That's fair, after all. They were asked to do THE dirty job so the rest of us could lay back and be joyful and irresponsible.

As we do so often. Don't we, boys and girls?

I don't know anything about the Angels personally, and I'm talking as a spectator. It seems to me that a man wants to be an Angel partly because they are tough and because of the hies and the jackets, but there is a deeper reason also. They are proud to be Angels, because they know they are honest. And they are. You don't get any bullshit. Quite true, they aren't pacifists. But they aren't saying they are, either. They are saying, among other things, don't fuck with us or we'll fight you. And that crowd fucked with them. The whole day fucked with them. We were frustrated. And we wanted violence. We got it. Don't make scapegoats of them.

I want to make that clear about the Angels because although I don't think that in the future we should plan on using them as security, I do want them there as people, as themselves. Because they are our brothers. If we can't cope with them, if we try to cut them out, it's just more racism.

So how should such matters as security be handled? Well, where are all those monitors we always see at "peace" marches? Or how about using the Mime Troupe as monitors? Or some of us opinion givers? I would like to help.

The Problem has two aspects. First, how do you handle the big bruiser who goes wild? For him, you need Rent-a-Cops. And you need someone to make it very clear ahead of time to the Rent-a-Cops how you want things handled.

Second, how do you keep the ordinary person from doing stupid things, climbing on towers, freaking out, etc.? To begin with, we need a bunch of doctors ahead of time. And we need a bunch of Calmers to function like Hog Farm did at Woodstock, to quiet people down in all ways, and to act as an example. The best thing to help someone through a bad trip is kindness and warmth. That needs to be there not only in time of disaster, but ahead of time. . . through the brown rice food trip, which serves to remind everyone. . . through decorations, through a good MC. Good Karma.

All this takes planning, and planning takes time. There is no instant anything. Next time someone wants to do a big concert with that little preparation, tell them No. Don't be so eager to score.

All you groovies who are saying that politics is dead, look around you, and within you: there's a lot more dead and dying than you realize. And forget the slogan about how rock music is revolution. It ain't so. Revolution is change, and it's based on people. Huge amounts of them. And the huge amounts haven't learned anything yet. If you really like the slogan that music is revolution, try it out on the Panthers. Go tell Bobby Seale that Aretha is where it's at.

It's reality check time in the old west.

Yeah, and what about the Stones? Ah yes, speaking of theater. Violence and frustration. Jagger pulled off his belt during Midnight Rambler and began hitting the stage with it. As in, You heard about the Boston-Whap! It's the same as Pete Seeger with that axe. But not on the surface. And mass crowds relate to surface.

So the Stones loot the United States and sing violent songs. People say Why don't you sing for free? So they do. They protract the arrangements for the concert the same way they draw out their set, aiming for peak frustration. You think you're a bunch of flower children, you fucking American fascist creeps, look how disgusting you are. Mind fuck. Pleased to introduce myself, hope you catch my name.

## Science Fiction Seminars

Sponsored by Will Rice College,  
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FRANK HERBERT

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7:30 pm Grand Hall, R.M.C.

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March 18  
7:30 pm Grand Hall, R.M.C.

JOHN W. CAMPBELL

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## New Music



We all know that "it's happening all the time," and in the world of music, here's some of what's happening here & now:

Jack Bruce's new single album "Songs for a Tailor" provides a good insight into the complex musical personality of Cream's former vocalist. As one might expect, the album is heavy on bass sounds, and Bruce has done some amazing things with rhythm and percussion to make a sound without musical precedent. Most listeners probably won't catch the lyrics the first couple of times thru, since (a) the phrasing is not in any kind of logical sentence structure, as one usually thinks of it, and (b) the lyrics are woven into the musical pattern in a rather odd fashion. Have a listen, and see if you agree that Jack Bruce was a big factor in making Cream into the fine group it was.

Simon and Garfunkel's new album "Bridge Over Troubled Waters" is an interesting addition to the S and G sound for you fans from way back. If you've never really dug this group before, now might be a good time to start. Paul Simon is a damn fine guitarist and, of course, the vocals are superbly blended. They know how to build on a good folk-sound base and produce a crystal-clear musical image. S and G have a finger on the sore spot of the American schizophrenia and can evoke quite an empathetic response. If these two could work together on making a good live presentation, they'd be well on their way to becoming a really fine performing group. Special cuts to watch: "Bridge" (the title cut), "Cecilia" and "Bahy Rider."

Some people say that the Grateful Dead are just a good country group who take lots and lots of acid. Those of you who aren't sure might want to pick up the new album, "Live Dead," and decide for yourself. If you dig the Dead, you don't need to be told about their thing: the ability to just pick up anywhere and jam up a storm, making sounds regularly enough constructed to qualify as music, but just random enough so that it's damn near impossible to predict what's going to happen next.

The ability to live music that well cannot be attributed entirely to all that marvelous LSD; The Dead also represent a truly unique track in rock music, as Houston will experience again in the upcoming concert, Feb. 22. Garcia's incomparable guitar musically fingers the mind of the listener in a way pleasing to anyone in the psychedelic pursuits. The Dead have a strange way of affecting people: do you know anyone who feels ambivalent about the group? Folks 'round here either dig the Dead or they don't. No middle ground exists as far as we can tell. To add flourish to the musical contents, the cover on the "Live" album (which is a double, by the way) is a concise visual statement of the group in general — a totally different experience.

**HOT FLASH:** Music Liquidators on Main is selling the white Beatles double album for a cool \$3.50.

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# Pin ter's Homecoming: Civilized Family Laid Bare

by Ron Jarvis

If you have not already seen Theatre Suburbia's production of Harold Pinter's *The Homecoming* and you have even the slightest interest in good theater, please go see it. It is a rare event in Houston: an excellent play given a fine production.

I will admit right off that I had misgivings about the play and the production before I saw it in its preview performance. I read in the advance publicity that Mac Hudson, the director, was going to use a mixed-media approach to the play. (He didn't.) The idea was, I thought, absurd, rather like doing *Hamlet* as a musical comedy.

Though mixed-media may be used well as an integral part of a play's production, I thought that Hudson was merely going for the vogue with-out any idea of the real essence behind such an approach. As I watched the play, however, I saw there were possibilities to explore in that direction, even if Pinter would probably laugh or scream at the idea. At any rate, that approach was discarded.

What remains is very fine ensemble acting. Ensemble acting is often used as a euphemism for bad acting when individual performances in a group do not come off. In this case, though, each actor (Gurden McKay, Woody Skaggs, Mac Hudson, John Etheredge, Garland McKinney, and Joan Brooks) is quite good in his or her own right, and they work very well together. That's what ensemble acting should be.

The preposterous plot is not preposterous at all. I had merely missed its importance because I was looking at the play as a realistic work, involving believable characters acting in a recognizable environment.

What Pinter wrote, however, is an exercise in form. Though Pinter calls himself a traditional playwright, he is not a traditional dramatist in the usual sense of the term, i.e., a realist using a style which can be judged primarily on its recognizable facts. Facts which include environmental milieu, consistent character psychology and life-like actions. He is traditional because his plays are artistic variations on theme, images and form. Certainly every playwright includes certain recognizable modes, otherwise no human audience could perceive the play. We do live in the real.

But realism as an artistic style can be quite limited; in fact, it has almost exhausted its possibilities. It has become utilitarian in the most crass sense, and the imagination behind it has gone dry. In its attempt to be true-to-life it has really lost its ability to be important and truly life-like.

Pinter has picked up the carcass of realism and has used it as a framework. He has stripped away the dead flesh, and what remains is a gleaming skeleton which you can see through. The mood and tone, theme and texture of his plays are basically like dreams or myths or nightmares or delusions. Those visions are certainly a part of life; perhaps they are the unity of everyone's unconscious. Dreams and myths can be shared; they are everyone's common experience.

psychological explanations are particular and exclusive. But Pinter's realistic framework works with and against this content of dreams.

Pinter has often been lauded for his dialogue: it is true to everyday talk. The dialogue is full of absurdities, irrelevancies, talk-arounds and evasions. (He told an interviewer, "I feel that instead of any inability to communicate there is a deliberate evasion of communication.") This dialogue, however real it is, is genuinely poetic because it is divorced from its realistic surroundings.

Most of us experience our own thoughts and the surface or outside of other people. Pinter gives his audi-

ence only surface reality. But there is an unspoken subtext of action which makes the game-like quality of the dialogue transparent. We as an audience can see and hear the jockeying for power and dominance that is behind the banality of Pinter's every-day talk. Pinter has a deep distrust for language because he realizes to what uses it is put. Most everyday talk is grossly dishonest.

In exposing this hypocrisy and fraud, his plays are violent criticisms of the way most of us live. By indirection his work criticizes the power structure which has driven us to avoid communication.

A patriarchal family is the subject of *The Homecoming*. The themes of power and subservience are revealed through the grotesque family relationships. Though the play is seemingly about a North London family, the characters take on mythic roles. There is a primeval quality, animal-like and vicious.

Max, the patriarchal ruler, is a retired butcher. (In Suburbia's production the chopping block used as a set piece was a haunting image.) Butchery was a trade he inherited from his father, Sam, his brother, could not make it in the trade, but he is the "best chauffeur" in his firm because... (a) I'm the best driver, and because... (b) I don't take liberties." Max insults and bullies Sam, just as he bullies everyone. Max has three sons: Teddy, whose homecoming it is, teaches philosophy at an American university; Lenny is a pimp; and Joey is a would-be boxer.

The charades and postures of masculinity are ruthlessly mocked in Pinter's presentation of this family. Each of the characters represents an absurd attempt to deal with the perverse influence of their family. Joey is dumb and physical. Lenny is bitchy and

impotent. Teddy is intellectual and ineffectual.

Although the play seems to be about Teddy's homecoming, it is really a homecoming for Ruth, Teddy's wife, who enacts the feminine roles in which the men see her: mother, wife, lover, sister, and whore. Though she gains ascendancy and dominance at the end of the play, it is at the expense of losing her identity. She becomes what the all-male family envisions her role to be.

There were lapses in the acting, but I think those were due to faulty direction. It is not unusual to see good actors in Houston theater, but it is rare to see a production in which *all* the actors are good.

Hudson played one of the roles as well as directing. Acting and directing require two very different approaches, and very few people can fulfill both obligations at the same time. Hudson is not one of those few, though he acts well.

I had misgivings about the play itself when I read it two years ago. I thought it was Pinter's weakest play because of what I felt was its preposterous plot. But I discovered in watching Suburbia's performance how wrong I was. Not only is it Pinter's finest play to date, but it is one of the best plays of contemporary theater. It is rich in ideas, languages and theatrical devices — a play you can go to again and again, always to find something new, something you had missed before.

Norman O. Brown in *Life Against Death* and *Love's Body* sees the patriarchal family unit as the basis for our cultural neurosis. Institutions are extensions of this parental dominion. Roles and rules have been imposed upon the individual, and he must play these games or face ostracism, ridicule, subservience or worse. Women are seen as saint and whore, lover and servant. Each person must suffer the discontents of civilization. Those, at any rate, are the rules.

Pinter evokes this primeval world of power and subservience by exposing the fraud and lies behind the "civilized" family. He acts as a seer. The nightmare realm of the patriarchal family is clearly visible through the skeleton framework of his realistic dialogue.

The play is by turns hilarious and horrifying, and often both at once. The play contains a wealth of images and is also very entertaining. Theatre Suburbia has transmitted the qualities of the play very well; their production is real theater, not a hoax like so much "theater" you are likely to see in Houston.



## Houston Laboratory Theater

# Experimental Group Forms

by Gary Chason

Why theatre? Why art at all? What function does it fulfill in the community? To begin with, man is a symbol maker. His compulsive attempt to transform the phenomena of his life into symbols — to come to grips with the world around him — is the result of his unique intelligence, and, indeed, is necessary for the maintenance of his psychological equilibrium. Art is one means by which man can achieve this symbolic transformation of experiential data, and as such is helpful in preserving his sanity. Art is therapeutic, not in the sense of curing specific mental illnesses, but in a larger, social sense. It is an integral, indispensable part of the spiritual life and culture of a civilized community.

Theatre then, in order to be valid, must address itself to now, must give shape to what's presently in our individual and collective heads, and must deal with the relationship between individuals and their environment social, physical, political, ecological, etc. It isn't enough to mount slick produc-

tions of good plays. There must be fire, there must be experimentation, and there must be growth. The times are rapidly changing — radicals, astrologers, McLuhanists et al agree on that — and in order for the theatre to be meaningful, it should constantly be looking for new forms, new questions to ask in pursuit of new answers. Stasis equals death.

Houston Laboratory Theatre is currently being formed to pursue, explore and amplify these ideals. It will be an experimental laboratory at all times, investigating the medium of theatre as thoroughly as the imagination of the participants will allow. Jerzy Grotowski, Richard Schechner, Joseph Chaikin, Peter Brook, Julian Beck, Bertolt Brecht, Antonin Artaud: the work of these men, and others, has greatly influenced the basic aesthetic underpinnings of the group. But the theories developed by these men will not be transplanted, whole and undigested, into Texas soil. Disregarding the obsolete notion that New York (or anywhere else) is the theatre hub of the country, the aesthetics of HLT

will spring from this community, catalyzed perhaps by the ideas of the New Theatre vanguard.

Initially, HLT will stage *Romeo and Juliet* (as a tragedy of the Machine Age) in April. After that, the group will try to find a theatre of its own — not a place that has been used as a theatre previously, but a room: empty, flexible space capable of being shaped to fit the needs of each particular production. Productions of *The Beard* by Michael McClure and *Ubu Roi* by Alfred Jarry are tentatively scheduled for the future. Experiments of all types are planned: director as author; theatre pieces derived in workshops; environmental theatre: mixed media; street theatre, in addition to new approaches to classical and modern plays. The organization will be striving to create a large interdisciplinary ensemble characterized by an atmosphere conducive to a free exchange of ideas.

If you are interested in being a part of Houston Laboratory Theatre, call 528-3627 and rap with us about it.

Individual life stories with





by Brian Grant

Q: I have read that 99% of all heroin addicts started on pot. How can you condone the use of this drug by young people who can become hooked on hard narcotics?

A: The statistic you cite has been widely circulated as evidence that the use of marijuana leads to the abuse of heroin, and it is very misleading.

Some people, due to a variety of conditions in their lives, come to dislike themselves, their parents, their surroundings and even their lives. Such people often find the effects of heroin, euphoria, tranquility and a sense of well being, to be sufficiently attractive to justify the cost and risks involved. It is understandable that such people would also enjoy marijuana, but this hardly indicates that marijuana itself leads to heroin abuse: personal psychological problems and social conditions lead to heroin abuse.

It would be difficult to prove, but I personally believe that grass has helped many people to get along without narcotics. (It is interesting to note, for example, the increase in heroin traffic which often follows a grass drought)

Last summer, I lived with several junkies in New York's Lower East Side for several weeks. Most of them thought I was insane to eat acid; they generally leered psychedelics and expressed contempt for those who use them. Conversely, I found heroin to be pleasant but boring; it turns you off instead of on. I concluded that those who dig life prefer drugs which

amplify and intensify experience, while those who do not prefer drugs which opiate, smooth out, and tranquilize experience

Grass is neutral. It does *not* create a craving for stronger drugs of either type. Whether or not an individual elects to use heroin is a matter of his own personality and opportunity. There are probably 20,000,000 Americans have used marijuana, and about 100,000 heroin addicts. Perhaps 99% of those addicts have also used marijuana, but the more significant statistic is that 99% of those grass smokers have *not* "gone on" to heroin.

Q: How much acid would you have to put in a quart of Kool-Aid to make it really good?

A: Really good for what? Electric punch should not be so potent that one cup sends the drinker into a molecular trip. One hundred micrograms per cup will do, but bear in mind that the average one-way tab is not the 500 micrograms the dealer claims it is, but more likely 75-150.

Sermon time, boys and girls. I just heard an asinine radio broadcast which announced in ominous tones that grass interferes with the "pinking process", causes poor memory, guilt feelings and so forth. Does anybody know what the pinking process is? I rather suspect it has something to do with bloodshot eyes or some such trivia. I was pleased that the commission did not add that masturbation causes insanity or that telling lies can cause one's nose to grow longer: these serious worries have been left for a future broadcast, I suppose.

I hope all of you with chronic problems with your pinking processes and severe guilt feelings will hurry



down to the police station for treatment. This menace must not be allowed to continue!

\*\*\*\*\*

Members of Uncle Brian's Book-of-the-Month Club will be glad to know that this month's mindfuck is Aldous Huxley's *Island*. Huxley has my vote for the top ten minds of our century, and *Island* puts it all together; it presents a beautiful and sophisticated approach to a sane society, like *Stranger in a Strange Land*, only much more so.

\*\*\*\*\*

If you people don't send in more questions, you are going to have to put up with more and more of my space-consuming philosophical diatribes

It doesn't even have to be a question; if you know some helpful hints or have a piece of information relevant to this column, send it in and I'll pass it on.

A friend of mine tried out a trick the Rag printed last issue: boil your old stems and seeds in alcohol, then in water, saving the liquids, then mix the alcohol and water together and boil it down to a thin syrup. Mix this syrup with some manicured grass and allow it to dry, transforming mediocre grass into some very strong stuff. He swears it works.

If you try it out, please save some un-boiled seeds for the big Spring Planting next April. But more about that later...

Remember folks: send your questions about dope to Brian Grant, % Space City! 1217 Wichita, Houston 77004.



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# "Pill..."

continued from 3

20 or 21 days. In most pills, the proportion of progesterone is far greater than that of estrogen.

But since synthetic estrogen appears responsible for many of the serious side effects in oral contraceptives, experiments are being conducted with low doses of progesterone alone, the only hormone really essential to birth control. Some of these experiments involve a single oral dosage or injection that will keep women safe from pregnancy for a long time, say about three months. But progesterone alone often involves irregular vaginal bleeding, since some estrogen is needed to regulate the menstrual cycle. This is far less dangerous than it is annoying. Also progesterone too is suspected of contributing to some of the disorders connected with birth control pills.

As far as we know, progesterone alone pills are not available for mass consumption in the United States, although Wyeth Laboratories of Philadelphia has patented a new low dose tablet called Ovral, which contains a very small amount of estrogen compound (0.05 mg.)

If you go to Planned Parenthood and ask them about the hazards of birth control pills, they will probably tell you that pregnancy itself is more dangerous than oral contraceptives. So far, this is statistically true. Far, far more women die from complications of pregnancy per year than during treatment

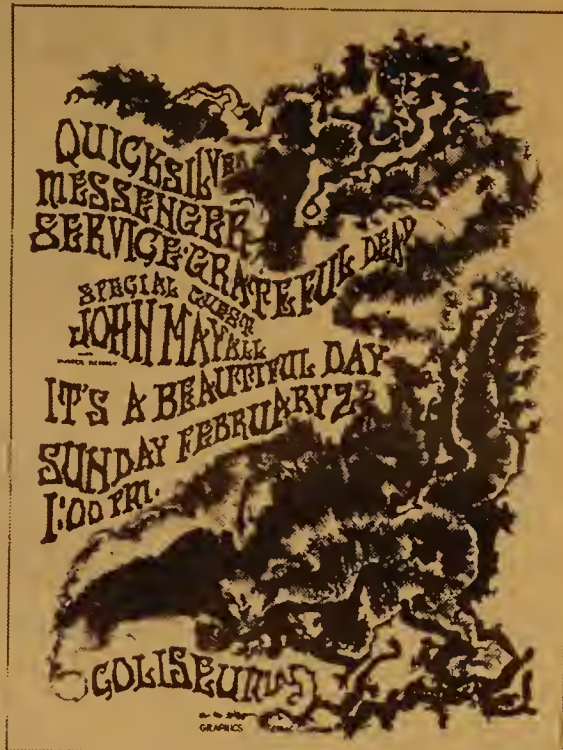
with oral contraceptives. Of course, most women aren't continually pregnant, while millions of women have taken or plan to take birth control pills for several years.

Still, pregnancy is not something you want to rush into without some idea of how your body is going to react to the condition. Since oral contraceptives simulate the physiological effects of early pregnancy, a woman who reacts adversely to birth control pills might well react the same way to pregnancy.

A woman with high blood pressure, for instance, probably shouldn't take oral contraceptives, since the hormones can aggravate this condition. But she probably ought not to get pregnant either, at least not too often. These women often have to turn to the mechanical contraceptive methods, like the diaphragm, since their systems may be dangerously sensitive to sex hormones, both natural and synthetic. Unfortunately, none of the mechanical methods are as effective as hormonal contraceptives in preventing pregnancy.

A discussion of the other possible side effects of oral contraceptives requires more research than we have done so far. In our next article we will be especially concerned about the effects of birth control pills on the endocrine system, since its delicate balance can't take too much abuse.

Meanwhile, if you are taking oral contraceptives and are wondering whether to stop, don't panic. But be careful. If you have a history of vascular disorders or diabetes, you should be especially careful. You should try to have a yearly physical examination, including urinalysis, blood pressure reading and Pap smear (a simple test for cervical cancer.)



Tickets - \$4.50, \$5.50, \$6.50. Houston Ticket Service, Coliseum Box Office (9-5). All Brook May's Music Stores.

## Marxisms



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| March 6 | 8½ (Italy) Fellini                       |
| 13      | Love in the City (Italy) Fellini         |
| 20      | Toni (France) Renoir                     |
| April 3 | Picnic in the Grass (France) Renoir      |
| 17      | Drunken Angel (Japan) Kurosawa           |
| 24      | Ikiru (Japan) Kurosawa                   |
| May 1   | I Live in Fear (Japan) Kurosawa          |
| 8       | Nazarin (Mexico) Bunuel                  |
| 15      | Simon of the Desert (Mexico) Bunuel      |
| 22      | Belle de Jour (Mexico and France) Bunuel |

At U. of Houston Library Auditorium. Admission 50 cents. Fridays, 8 pm.

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## Unclassifieds

Subscribe to the radical pacifist journal WIN Magazine, \$2 for six months from War Resisters League, 5 Beekman St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

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FOR SALE: poster shop, good location, fantastic business, not much work Call 524-5072.

New outasite women's liberation bi-weekly journal, "It Ain't Me Babe," \$1.80 for six months: W.L. Office, 2398 Bancroft Ave., Berkeley, Calif., 94704.

Ride needed to Colorado. 665-3411 for Janice.

Need roommate for 2 bedroom garage apartment. \$40/month and utilities. Call Bob at 923-7370.

Science Fiction Seminars featuring 3 outstanding authors: Frank Herbert will speak Feb. 27, 7:30 pm, Chem. Lec. Hall; Harlan Ellison, March 18, 7:30 pm, Grand Hall RMC; John W. Campbell, April 23, 7:30 pm, Chem. Lec. Hall, Rice University. Admission is \$1.00 (50 cents with Rice ID). For free bullshit session with each writer, come to Will Rice Commons, Rice U., 2-5 on the day he will speak.

RECORDS: 500 strange 45 rpm records. New. Many of them alike. \$10 cash. Call 621-589, ask for Magic Max. Keep trying.

Critics, writers needed for gratis contributions to new publication on arts and entertainment in Space City. Write Egmentasia, 2209 S. Shepherd, No. 3, 77019.

Wanted: Used furniture for local 4th ward project. Please, donations only. Phone 622-2186 after 6 pm.

Colorful Cuban posters. Send 25 cents for postage to OSPAAA! Posters, c/o LNS, 160 Claremont Ave., New York, NY 10027.

## Space City Unclassifieds

For a free ad, fill out the form, and send it to Space City News, 1217 Wichita, Houston, Texas 77004.

## FREE TO FOLKS (for now)

We aren't going to accept sex ads. We believe that far from characterizing a position of sexual liberation, they are frequently exploitative of human sexuality, especially that of women.

(Not all of them are exploitative, of course, but we don't know any simple guideline for determining which are and which aren't, and we don't have the time or energy to debate every ad.)



# MORE LETTERS

Dear People;

I applaud Ron Jarvis' sensible and literate article "When the Mode of the Music Changes" in Space City. However, I think such a no-bullshit attitude has been too often avoided by Space City in favor of creating a hype-radical image.

An example: The last issue also contained an article (pg.4) about the death of Carlos Carillo. I am concerned because I suspect that what happened actually was degenerate racial murder, and therefore the matter

is of utmost gravity to me. What is foisted upon me, however, is a dramatized collection of pre-conceived non-facts, laced with degrading sentimentality. "Mr. Hill is...a proud example of the Texan who can handle himself." What does that mean? How did the writer know that? Did he talk to Mr. Hill? To people who know him?

What should have been a factual cross-examination of Hill's motivations (if he is a bigot, will not his own words and the opinions of his neighbors expose him?) instead was a blow-up

of Hill into The Red-Necked Bogey, a fictionalization which has no relevance to what really happened.

Further un-reality is added in the next paragraph when the writer blatantly assigns roles to Hill (Judge Hill, Jury Hill, etc.) trying to make him a character in a novel about Carlos Carillo. The writer even manufactures lines for his character: "Just let me catch one of those bastards near my car again, must have been the growl of the honorable citizen..."

The crassness of this whole article is demonstrated in the final paragraph, which paints a melodramatic picture of celluloid grief. The writer seems to forget that Carlos Carillo was real and that he is now real dead.

If liberation is truth (and I am convinced it is), then it can and must be expressed in hard facts and real feelings. Fine writing in L.A. Free Press, and occasionally in Space City, demonstrates this clearly. Can a decaying, ugly pile of maggots garbage be destroyed by throwing rotten apples at it?

Kerry Kimbrough  
Rice University



Dear Space City,  
As a devotee of your paper, and as a poet, I've gotta tell you that you didn't need to apologize, in your last editorial, for the fact that your new typesetter doesn't print lines with straight edges on the right.

Jagged lines  
are much more interesting  
and poetic than  
straight ones, just the way  
square-edged people aren't as groovy as jagged ones.

So keep those bumpy edges and soon the critics will be reading Space City for its aesthetic interest, and writing essays on it, and your paper will be bound in volumes to occupy the shelves next to T. S. Eliot.

Peace,  
Jeff Williams  
2732 University  
Houston

**Dial radio 104 for GOOD NEWS**  
**...a 24 hour blend of**  
**contemporary rock, soul and**  
**folk...a Houston kind of LUV**

<b>Midnight</b>	<b>Michael King</b>
<b>5 am</b>	<b>Dan Diamond</b>
<b>9 am</b>	<b>Tom Collins</b>
<b>1 pm</b>	<b>Bill Drake</b>
<b>6 pm</b>	<b>Dan Woodward</b>

the  
good  
life





# SPACE IN



U. of St. Thomas Series, "What is Cinema Comedy?"  
8 pm at Anderson Hall, SL  
Feb 17 - THE RINK & THE GENERAL (Chaplin)  
Feb 24 - THE ITALIAN STRAW HAT (Clarke, '27)  
Mar 3 - A NIGHT AT THE OPERA (Wood, '35)  
Mar 5 - FRANKENSTEIN

Rice University Media Series, Fridays & Saturdays  
at 8 pm, Media Center Auditorium, Univ. at Stockton.  
Feb 13 - LA NOTTE (Antonioni, who was recently  
busted for weed in London)  
Feb 19 - Guest appearance by John Korty, plus  
RIVER RUN  
Feb 20 - RASHOMON (Kurosawa)  
ALPHAVILLE (Godard)  
Feb 26 - TROUBLEMAKERS (Machover & Truchter)  
Feb 27 - WORLD OF APU (S. Ray)  
KOL MIKO MYSTERY (Chris Marker)  
Mar 5 - American film to be announced  
Mar 6 - PICKPOCKET (Bresson)  
LE BONHEUR (Agnes Varda)

U. of Houston Directors' Showcase, Library Auditorium, 8 pm, S.50.

Feb 13 - APARAJITO (S. Ray)  
Feb 20 - WORLD OF APU (S. Ray)  
Feb 27 - NIGHTS OF CABERIA (ellmi)

"GILLY GILLY" at the Delman. If you accept the  
navette of the main character the thinks a cat house is  
a boarding house, you'll probably enjoy similar humor  
as they  
as the boy passes through stages of innocence, idealism,  
cynicism and maturity. "Z" opens here around Feb 18.

"THE HAPPY ENDING" at Loews State. Could be  
the sleeper comedy of the year as earthy dialogue dis-  
sects the \$30 billion a year industry of Marriage U.S.A.



# SPACE IN

Anyone interested in participating in the nation-wide  
ecology/environment teach-in April 22: weekly meet-  
ings are held by the Committee for a Human Environ-  
ment on Mondays at 7:30 pm in the UC at U of H.

A FREE six page pamphlet to help high school stu-  
dents who are planning to start an underground paper  
is available from John Schaller, Chicago Area High  
School Independent Press Service, 530 N. Brainerd,  
Naperville, Ill. 60540.

The Fellowship of Reconciliation is circulating a  
Draft/War statement to let people express their op-  
position. Bob Cummings, 923-7370 after 6 pm.

SPACE CITY BUMPERSTICKER CREATIVITY  
MARATHON EXTRAVAGANZA: We want to make  
some new far-out bumperstickers to help us spread  
the word, so send us a design about 11" x 3 1/2" soon.

MACROBIOTIC food freaks will dig on a pamphlet,  
"Understanding George Oshawa - an introduction to  
revolutionary macrobiotics for Houstonians," available  
from Elizabeth Marsh, 2336 North Blvd., 528-6413.  
She also serves macrobiotic meals for \$1 in her home.

U of H Committee to End the War is having a blood  
drive to raise money for mailing draft information to  
high school students and for setting up a city-wide  
draft counseling service. There will be a table in the  
UC, or call 748-6600 for the UHCEW.

Lt. Col. Jack Mohr (Ret.) speaks of his "great personal  
knowledge of Communist techniques" Feb. 26, 8 pm,  
at the Albert Pick Motel, sponsored by the Movement  
to Restore Decency. \$1.50.



THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE, directed by  
Roger Glade at Aubrey House, 6265 S. Main, Feb 14-15,  
21-22, 8 pm. \$24-3168.

EXIT THE KING by Ionesco, Feb 18, 19, 20, 21 at 8:30  
pm, Cullen Auditorium. Gen admission \$1.50, stu. \$1.

AUTUMN GARDEN by Lillian Hellman, Feb 20 and  
three weekends at Southwest Theatre Guild (668-4692)

THE DEVILS, directed by Neil Havens, Feb 23 - 28 at  
Hamman Hall, Rice University.  
SUMMERTIME, by Ron Cowan, a multi-media staging  
at Spring Branch High School, Feb 20-21, 26, 28.

ERICK HAWKINS DANCE COMPANY, Feb 24, 8 pm,  
Cullen Auditorium, U of H. Students \$1.

Savitri Devi's KATHIAK DANCES OF INDIA, Feb 27,  
8 pm, Cullen Auditorium, U of H. \$7.00

THE FABULOUS FURRY

# FREAK BROTHERS!

by Gilbert Shelton

